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The Thunder's Still There.

AUGUST 17, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 7

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

With the air-traffic controllers' strike causing flight delays and cancellations at airports across the country, TIME correspondents assigned to the story found being in the right place at the right time more crucial than ever. Shortly after the strike was announced, Correspondent Madeleine Nash was at Chicago's O'Hare Airport to assess the situation with passengers and air-traffic supervisors who remained at work. On the day of the strikers' return-to-work deadline, Boston Correspondent John Yang drove to Hollis, N.H., where he witnessed a rally by two local chapters of the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization. Says Yang: "Their singing and cheering erupted into a frenzied roar at the 11 a.m. deadline."

MARK POKEMPNER

Nash at Chicago's O'Hare Airport

STEVE HANSER

Yang in New Hampshire

While Washington Correspondent Gary Lee interviewed PATCO Leader Robert Poli, White House Correspondent Laurence Barrett monitored Government strategy on the strike by interviewing Administration officials, including Secretary of Transportation Drew Lewis. Says Barrett: "We had known that the Administration would take a hard line. But it was only when we watched Reagan making his statement in the Rose Garden that we understood how hard a line it would be." In Los Angeles, Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate charted industry reaction as he ate an economy-class lunch at the desk of Continental Airlines President George A. Warde. Meanwhile, Photographer Jim Collison got his film from Los Angeles to New York City, while it was still fresh, by packing it on a plane full of flowers and tomatoes headed for Manhattan.

The exclusive photographs that accompany this week's report on the state dinner for Egyptian President Anwar Sadat were equally ingenious. To get a candid picture of President Reagan's toast without creating a distraction, Photographer Dennis Brack placed two cameras inside soundproofed planter boxes that had holes in the sides and then tripped them by infrared beams from across the room. In Brack's case, being in the "wrong" place at the right time was the perfect solution.

John a. Meyer

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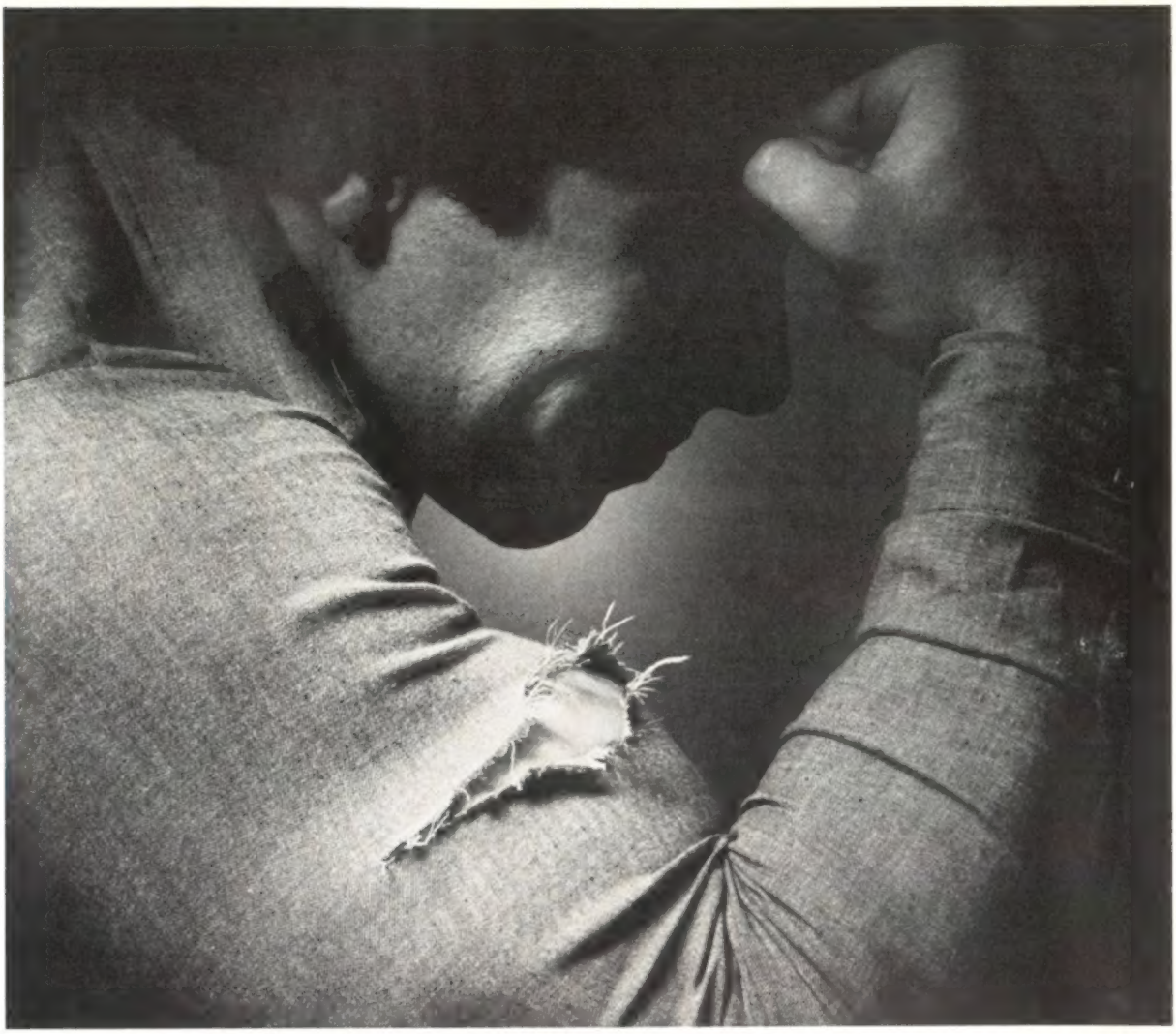

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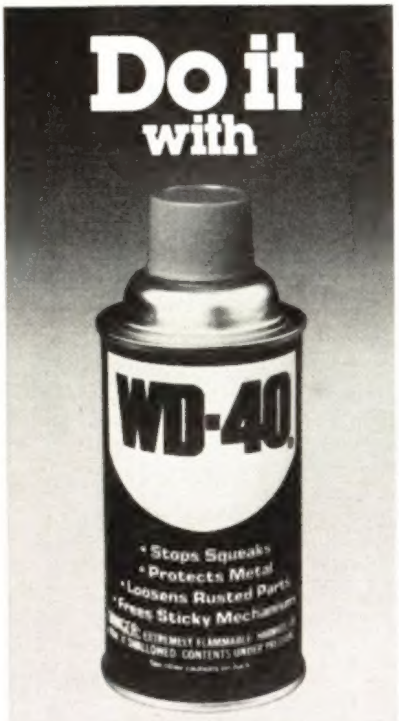

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Letters

Cost of Arms

To the Editors:

After reading the cover story "How to Spend a Trillion" [July 27], one can hardly avoid a feeling of disquiet considering the accounts of manpower shortages, equipment failures, indecision about future weapons and industry's inability to fulfill military needs. At least we now have an Administration ready to address the problem realistically.

Warren E. Upton
Munhall, Pa.

Sophisticated weaponry aside, the most potent weapon in our nation's arsenal could well be the one designed to see that we get the most for our trillion: "Cap the Knife."

Jack Pope
San Francisco

Congratulations on an excellent cover story on defense. It focused on the real issues and portrayed the decisions as the complicated matters of policy that they are, rather than simply budgetary questions.

Gary Hart
U.S. Senator, Colorado
Washington, D.C.

I strongly support military expenditures for conventional weapons as well as for upgrading our officer and enlisted cadres. But I am against our generals' spending astronomical funds on hardware, such as the MX missile, which our troops can't even use properly.

William D. Cramer
Burns, Ore.

Even the firmest believer in the balance of power theory would wonder if peace could perhaps be more easily attained by channeling the energy required to formulate a complex plan to spend $1.5 trillion toward arms control rather than arms proliferation.

John M. Sherman
Floyd, Va.

Since your story raises once again the specter of peacetime conscription, it is important to understand that when men are drafted in peacetime, it is to train them to be prepared to defend their homes in the event of a war; nothing more. I believe that most Americans do not object to this concept. Subsequently, any future draft law should have a proviso specifically stating that draftees will not be assigned to duty outside the continental U.S. unless the Congress declares that a state of war exists.

What Americans fear more than anything else is a repeat of Viet Nam. This proposal would effectively eliminate such a possibility, while ensuring that our nation is adequately prepared for a genuine defense emergency. Our volunteer forces would then be available to man the outposts.

William J. Abbott
Oyster Bay, N.Y.

The MX is an environmental issue and not a question of defense. The desert environment of Utah is too fragile to absorb the kind of abuse it gets from being the Government's nuclear-waste dump. How can the nation permit a state with five national parks to become the country's outhouse?

Thomas E. Clyde
Salt Lake City

I commend you for your article "An Army of Self-Helpers on NATO's Front Line" [July 27]. I have visited the facilities in Germany and am appalled by the poor conditions our soldiers must endure. As a result of hearings on the quality of military life, the Appropriations Military Construction Subcommittee has recommended a billion-dollar NATO construction program for next year.

The deteriorated condition of our facilities in Europe is inconsistent with our commitments there. It is time to accept our responsibilities to American servicemen and servicewomen overseas by providing decent, even attractive, working and living conditions.

Ralph Regula
Representative, 16th District, Ohio
Washington, D.C.

McCloskey's Stand

At last a courageous Congressman, Paul McCloskey, has openly drawn attention to the overbearing pro-Israel lobby in this country ["Questioning the Israeli Lobby," July 27]. The merest protest always draws unfair cries of anti-Semitism. Let us restructure our priorities so that we put the interests of America ahead of the concerns of this or that pressure group.

Sarah Montoya
Monterey Park, Calif.

Let's be done with this nonsense about "the Jewish community in America."

Is America ready for the year 2000?

What will the year 2000 be like? Will you be living in a house or an apartment? What kind of fuel will heat and cool your home? What kind of inventions will you be using then that haven't been created yet? Most important, how will we fuel the growth that's almost sure to take place in every part of American life? Will we be using the same fuels as we are today? With the same dependence on foreign sources? Or will there be new, efficient energy sources that make us dependent only on ourselves? The answers to questions like these are in the booklet inserted in this magazine. It discusses in plain terms the decisions we can make now, as a nation, that will help insure a bright, comfortable future for all of us. For additional copies of "The Year 2000... A look into America's energy future with Amoco," ask your Amoco dealer. Or write, AMOCO—3705, Box 5910A, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

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Letters

There isn't any. American Jews are as divided—probably more so—about everything, including politics and religion, as any other alleged group. Congressman McCloskey might be instructed to learn that there are Jews in this country who are anti-Israel.

Donald I. Fine
New York City

Congressman McCloskey is unfair in his assertions about the influence of the Israeli lobby. Is the Israeli lobby any more powerful than the N.R.A. on gun control or the A.M.A. on national health insurance? It is disconcerting that McCloskey questions the influence of Jewish citizens rather than the validity of their cause.

David B. Miller
Alexandria, Va.

Superduper Condos

Your article "For $11 Mil, Xanadu with a Rolls" [July 27] may stir the envy of some of your readers. But it will also stimulate many more of them to ask: Is this kind of luxury desirable in a nation that cannot afford to provide Social Security, food stamps, decent housing and education for millions of its people who are in need?

Alfred E. Davidson
Paris

The first ultra

Death of a Twin

All of the letters [July 20] regarding "Death of a Twin" opposed that marvelous operation. Not one expressed sympathy for the mother who chose to abort the twin with Down's syndrome. It is easy to be pious, idealistic or shocked at the solution to someone else's problem. But what is so wonderful about knowingly bringing a retarded child into the world? It is a blessing to the infant not to do so.

R.G. Clark
Burlingame, Calif.

As a registered nurse, I have seen too many Down's syndrome children undergo painful and traumatic surgery for serious congenital heart defects. The incidence of chronic leukemia in these youngsters is far greater than that of normal children, and they are also always mentally retarded, often severely. In addition, the guilt and financial burden often decimates the family. I applaud the courage of the mother who chose to let her healthy son walk alone.

Barbara S. Ventura
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Women have a responsibility to do everything in their power to produce healthy children. We should not be condemned for trying to live up to that responsibility. Had the results of my own amniocentesis indicated Down's syndrome, I would have made the same decision.

Sharon Freeman
Howell, Mich.

Treating the Curse

Thank you for your article "Coping with Eve's Curse" [July 27]. I've suffered for ten years with menstrual pain, and let me assure you, it's not just a figment of my imagination. Ironically, some of the most unsympathetic responses I've heard have been from other women: from the high school nurse who offered me a peppermint, to the nurse at the hospital emergency room who told me that I'd just have to wait until I had my first baby. She advised that then maybe the pain would subside. Simple acceptance of our complaints does help the mind, but it doesn't ease the pain.

Jane C. Wright
Charleston, S.C.

Flies in the Fruit

Governor Brown did not have to agree to aerial spraying in trying to thwart the Mediterranean fruit fly [July 27]. As the 1981 edition of the *Farmers' Almanac* specifically points out, "Scientists have discovered that the mating call of the Mediterranean fruit fly has exactly the same frequency as lower F-sharp on the harmonica." All the good Governor needs is a harmonica and an amplifier.

Ray A. Geiger, Editor
Farmers' Almanac
Lewiston, Me.

If Jerry Brown had not treated the Medfly as an endangered species, we wouldn't have it today.

Averill Q. Mix
Los Gatos, Calif.

Ode to Henry's Wives

In your article about the Church of England's new divorce policy [July 20], you mentioned the marital career of Henry VIII and footnoted the fates of his six wives. To keep their stories straight, we Americans might try remembering a simple rhyme taught to British schoolchildren:

Divorced, beheaded, died;
Divorced, beheaded, survived.

You are left on your own, however, when it comes to reciting their names. Perhaps "Kate, Anne, Jane; Anne, two Kates again"?

Mark R. Horowitz
Chicago

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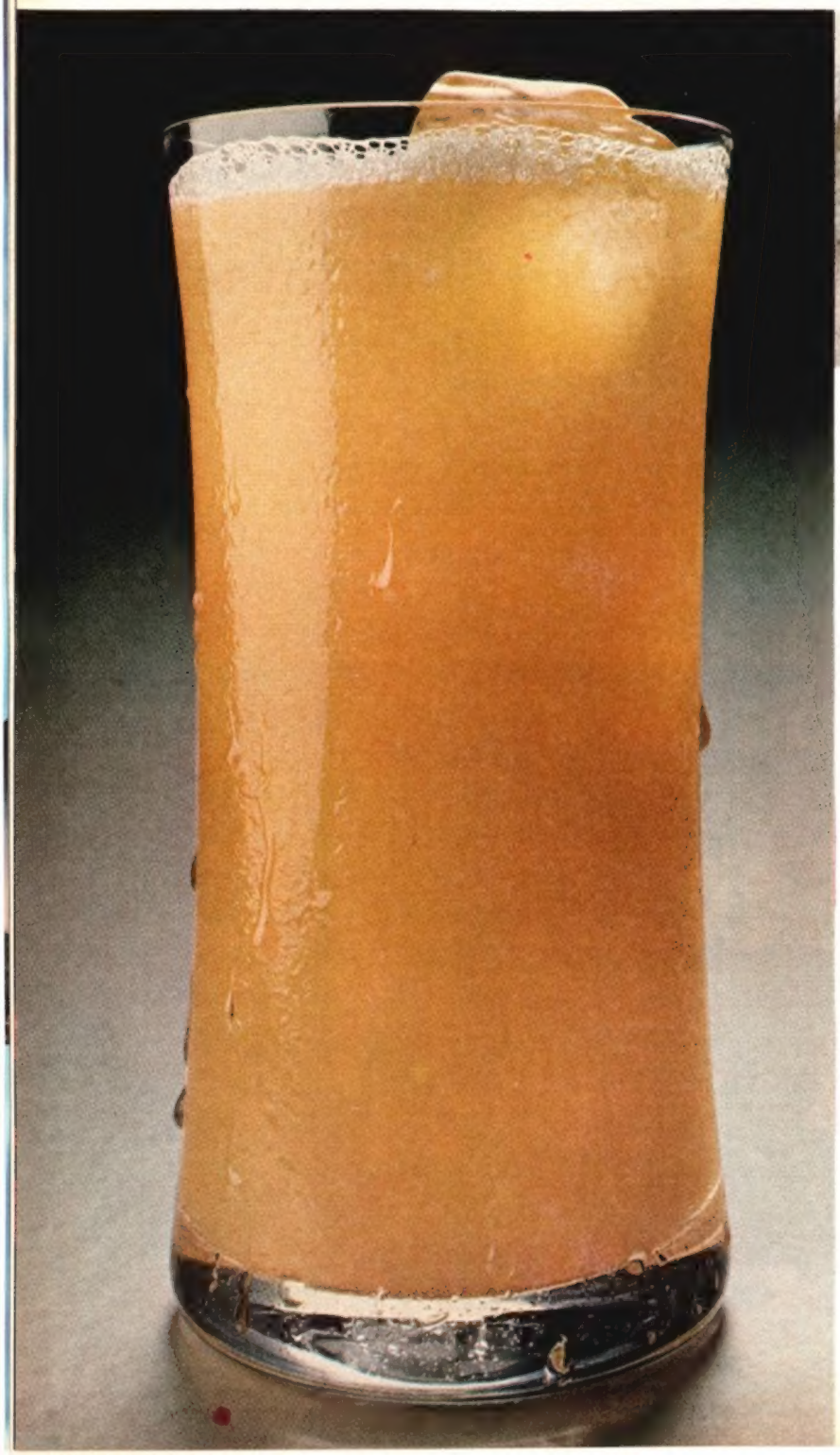
"Puerto Rican white rum makes the best screwdriver."



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Luis Soto, film director and his wife, Laura Mola, lawyer.

It's happening in beach houses, penthouses, ski houses and town houses. Everywhere you look, white rum from Puerto Rico is being used instead of gin or vodka. In screwdrivers, Bloody Marys, mixed with tonic, soda or on the rocks.

The reason? Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness that gin or vodka can't match. Rum from Puerto Rico, by law, is aged for a full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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In Virginia: The Boy Scouts Encamp

They have gathered from all over the country on this dusty plain of Fort A.P. Hill in Virginia, some 90 miles south of Washington. There are flags, and the sound of whistles and bugles, and the exuberant cries of young voices, chanting as they march by. This is the tenth national jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America, and 32,000 youngsters have camped among the tall pines, like an army taking its rest after a string of victories.

In these historic woods, where the American Revolutionary Army under George Washington prepared for the Battle of Yorktown in 1781, the Scouts reflect a profile of young America, the face of its future. A Scout is white or black, Hispanic or Asian. He is not poor. He could be called the son of America's middle class. Guided by his parents and his own instincts, a boy becomes a Scout because he senses that it will help him to grow up. He does not beat his chest with pride. But he cheers loudly whenever his troop or his home state is mentioned over the p.a. system. He is glad to belong to something outside his family, and his family is glad too, spending about $485 to send him here.

During the 1970s, Scouting seemed embarrassed by its old-fashioned ways. It tried to go modern, moving away from the outdoor skills stressed by Lieut. General Robert Baden-Powell, hero of the Boer War, when he founded the British Boy Scouts at Brownsea Island in 1907.

A Scout handbook issued in 1972 emphasized getting along in cities—and never once mentioned campfires. With its purpose obscured, the Scouts lost 2 million members over a six-year period. Last year a new handbook was published, restating the founder's enthusiasm for the outdoors. Membership began to grow again, and this year's jamboree was seen as an opportunity to show the world that Scouting was back where it belonged, under the stars.

"It was wrong when the Scouting movement turned away from the outdoors," says Scoutmaster Irvin Graybill of Middleburg, Pa. "A Scout learns self-improvement and self-confidence when he's out in the woods, away from home, with his buddies depending upon him. There will be times when he misses the comforts of home, but he won't quit and cry. His ability to prove he's ready takes hold and becomes part of his character."

Wearing red berets or khaki forage caps emblazoned with buttons, Scout knives dangling from every webbed belt, the youngsters here plunge into seven days of whirlwind activity. They compete in a wilderness decathlon, pitch horseshoes, brand leather, play soccer and Frisbee, build a bridge without any rope, set up a tent blindfolded, run an obstacle course with arms tied, fish, canoe, raft, fire air rifles on a marksmanship range. They learn new skills like archery and electronic pathfinding, using two-way and directional radios. The jamboree song puts it best: "We're marching together, while doing our thing, a Scout on my left, a Scout on my right—the thousands of Scouts are a wonderful sight."

Even though they came from 50 states and 28 foreign countries, the Scouts camped on this 76,086-acre Army reservation have no trouble striking up friendships. Right from the start, their common experience produces a camaraderie as thick as campfire smoke. "Even in Texas, where we do things big, you couldn't do things better than the first night," says Houston Scout Chris Watson, 15. "We all marched to the amphitheater, and we were under the sky. The stars were coming out. We began talking and singing. I tell you, there was a glow all over the place, and I felt it inside me too. When I looked around and saw all those flashbulbs popping and kids taking pictures, it was like seeing fireflies all over the place. I was proud to be part of it, really proud. It's something I won't forget."

Much of the art of making friends is concentrated in patch swapping, a singular ritualistic encounter. On towels and blankets all over the campsite, patches are displayed and haggled over like items in a Cairo bazaar. Value is determined by color, design and availability; among the most prized are patches that were discontinued because of defects in their manufacture. No money is exchanged. Money, after all, is not the point. Says Scott Sippel, 14, of Houston: "You improve your collection. You get a Scout's address and you write him. You become pals."

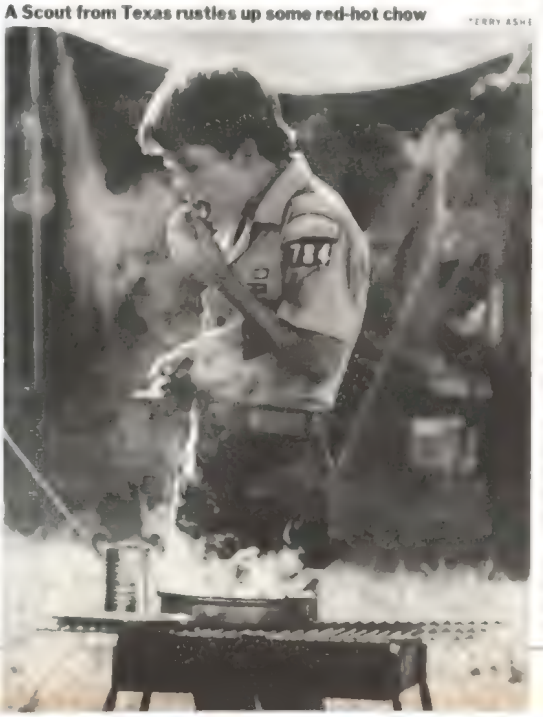
Patriotism is open here, even natural, although its military trappings are somewhat muted. From a booth on the main street, which has the bustle of a frontier town, Green Berets offer classes in first aid. At an Air Force exhibit near by, Scouts watch a ten-minute film about B-52s and climb into a cockpit for a simulated flight. The National Rifle Association, which has mounted a nationwide campaign against gun controls, is less subtle: a Scout learns how to shoot and how to cook the game he kills. More popular are lessons in how to pan for gold. "There's nothing dopey about trying it," says Frank Gallagher, 15, of State College, Pa. "I know a kid who did it in North Carolina and got himself $45 worth."

The pressures of growing up can be seen here, but they are not obvious. The Scouts are so independent and purposeful that it's easy to forget how young they are. That realization comes rushing back at the sight of two dozen boys storming a pay phone to call home. But the future doesn't seem to scare them. Scouting is partly to credit: it makes life a shared adventure. "You feel you're not alone when you are a Scout," says Mike Byrnshire, 15, of Vinita, Okla. "You've got friends everywhere. It's a brotherhood."

For some of the older Scouts, this jamboree marks a rite of passage, a time to leave Scouting for other challenges: finishing high school, getting into college, finding a job. Chances are that they will be better prepared than many of their peers. One of those moving on is Ken McGagh, 17, of Weston, Mass. "Being a Scout, you finally begin to feel like you're able to stand on your own two feet," he says. "You know how to hike, set up a camp. You get so you understand what self-confidence means. I hadn't been able to talk to adults until I became a Scout. Now I know how to talk at meetings of adults, which is certainly useful for anybody." Especially for young McGagh, since he hopes to be a lawyer.

The jamboree provides an opportunity to test philosophical outlooks, or lack of them. Here boys talk to their peers in a spirit that combines honesty with trust. Sitting

A Scout from Texas rustles up some red-hot chow



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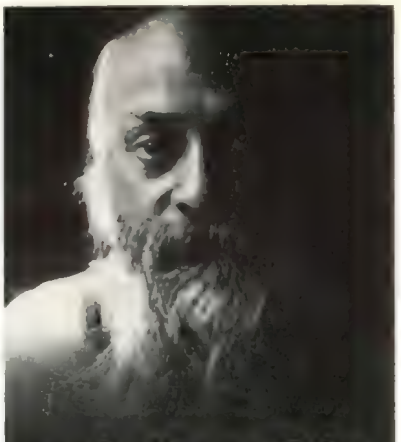
American Scene

around fires or lying in their tents, they wonder what the year 2000 will be like, and whether there will be colonies in space and room for settlers and pioneers. They find solace in the presence of others their age who have not yet tried marijuana —or listen spellbound to a youngster who claims he has. They display as much interest in girls as anyone else their age, and so they ponder the mysteries of love. A few wise guys have smuggled in copies of the latest *Playboy*, and these are assiduously examined under blankets by flashlight. There are also home-town girlfriends who arrive for a weekend visit, with chaperones, of course: as one is guided around the encampment by the lucky boy she has come to see. Scouts not so fortunate

Telephoning the folks back home

exchange looks of anguish and envy.

At night, with tent flaps open and the light of campfires flickering beneath the towering dark trees, a harmonica plays a mournful country-and-western air and young voices hum along. Guitars and a drum join in, changing the melody. "The corn is as high as an elephant's eye," the Scouts sing, none louder than a large contingent from Oklahoma. Their voices seem to reach the tops of the trees. If there are doubts about the move away from city Scouting, they pass into the night. "Sure, kids today are different," says Scoutmaster Arthur Ferraro, 64, of Westerly, R.I. "But you get them out in the woods, they understand what survival means. That hasn't changed." Fires are doused, smoke rises in mute silence, the vast camp falls quiet to the sound of a bugler's taps. —*By Dean Brelis*



relationship

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highest peak of love.
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to anything—
live,
live totally,
live lovingly
but don't possess,
don't dominate
and don't allow anybody
to possess
or dominate you.
Very rare
and few people
rise to the level of
human love.
Human love is
friendship,
animal love is
possessiveness.
Animal love
reduces the other
to a thing,
to a commodity:
human love
raises the other,
helps the other
to come to
their flowering.
It does not use
the other as a means,
it respects the other
as an end unto themselves.
It is pure
friendship.

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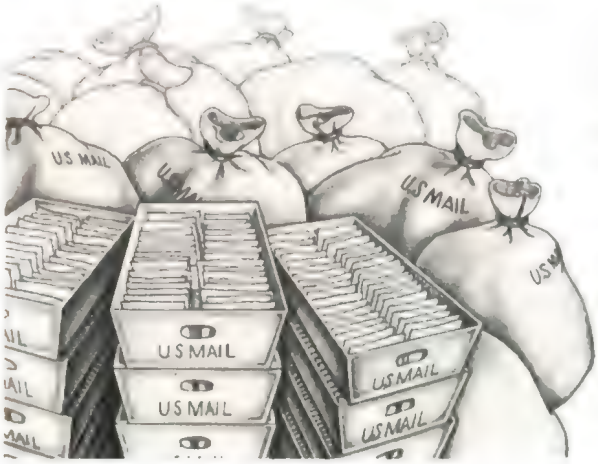

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Takeoff delays were long at New York's La Guardia as the strike began, but after a few days the skies turned friendlier

TIME/AUGUST 17, 1981

COVER STORIES

Turbulence in the Tower

The controllers walk, the President hangs tough, and the planes (mostly) fly

The fateful collision could have been foreseen by any air controller, without even a glance at the ghostly blips on his radarscope. Like a Piper Cub lost in a thunderstorm, the tiny Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization—representing 85% of the 17,500 federal employees who direct the nation's air traffic—veered wildly off course. It flew into a rage against its employer, launching an illegal federal strike. An angry Ronald Reagan, revving up the full jumbo-jet power of the U.S. Government, deliberately bore down on the defiant union. The result was inevitable: the controllers crashed, the U.S. kept flying.

By week's end some 5,100 of PATCO's 13,000 striking controllers, who earn an average of $33,000 a year, had been sent dismissal notices by the Federal Aviation Administration. Federal judges ordered U.S. marshals to haul five local union leaders off to jail for defying court injunctions against the strike. Some leaders were marched away in handcuffs and shackled from waist to feet in chains—standard procedure for a federal arrest—adding a note of high drama to the crackdown. Some 30 others were ruled in contempt of court and will be sentenced later. At the same time, federal judges levied fines against the union and its leaders that were piling up at the rate of more than $1 million for each day the strike continued. The union's $3.5 million strike fund was frozen. PATCO was, in effect, broke.

Reagan warning that strikers would be fired

Neither the strike nor the resulting mass firings crippled the nation's vital air transportation network, though in some areas and selected sectors of the economy the impact was palpable. After a confused first day of jammed air terminals, extensive flight cancellations and runway waits of up to two hours before takeoff, the FAA's long-prepared contingency plans rapidly pushed the movement of aircraft back toward normal. As the strike wore on, the percentage of airline flights operating as scheduled showed overall improvement: Monday, 65%; Tuesday, 67%; Wednesday, 72%; Thursday, 83%.

At first, airport and bus ticket counters were thronged. Amtrak switchboards were jammed. Rental car firms found fewer customers at their airport counters, while at their downtown offices in large cities, fearful air travelers queued up for wheels. International passengers had little choice but to wait out available flights, sometimes camping overnight in terminals. Businessmen turned to corporate and charter aircraft, which was not always an improvement; under the FAA's contingency plans, such planes had a lower priority than the scheduled carriers. But as the week progressed, even the re-

The starship *Enterprise?* No, the control center at O'Hare Airport, where the nation's heaviest traffic keeps radarscopes glowing

duced number of flights held more capacity than the fewer passengers could fill. The airport crowds vanished, counter service notably improved. Said Traveler Bob Barnett of Santa Monica, Calif.: "The L.A. airport was about as mellow as I've seen it in 15 years."

At week's end the FAA ordered the nation's 22 largest airports to cut scheduled flights back to 50% for at least a month in order to reduce any delays and ensure safety. The agency also announced plans to triple the number of new air controllers it trains, currently 1,800 a year, and began accepting applications for the jobs once held by the fired PATCO strikers. In New York City alone, 1,763 people signed up in the first five hours. The Government was preparing to fly without PATCO forever. Declared a confident Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis, who piloted that strike-breaking course under close White House supervision: "To all intents and purposes, the strike is over. Our concern is to rebuild the system."

Some 3,000 supervisors and 2,000 nonstriking or nonunion controllers were manning the towers and radar centers that monitor U.S. air flights. A backup force of some 500 military controllers, out of an available pool of 10,000, rushed to major air centers. They began studying civilian control procedures, and would begin to take up shifts this week if needed. Up to 700 military controllers can be reassigned to civilian posts with only a minimal effect on military operations; if the FAA needed more than 700, selective cutbacks in military flights would be required.

The strikers, as stubborn and high-spirited a bunch as ever hit the bricks, did not, of course, concede defeat. Despite the overwhelming Government pressure, they continued to picket airports from LGA (La Guardia) to LAX (Los Angeles International), rallying behind their bearded, owlish-looking president Robert E. Poli in an unusual show of solidarity. Poli, 44, a former controller himself, called the Administration's actions "the most blatant form of union-busting I have ever seen." Vowed he: "It will not end the strike."

The controllers predicted that the air system cannot survive long without them and that the fines and firings, which do not become final until a lengthy civil service appeals process is completed, will be lifted once this becomes apparent. Meanwhile, as Air Controller Eric Sletten said on a picket line at Miami International Airport: "Reagan's hard line is just hardening our line."

PATCO's Poli at press conference

That seemed to be true. The union's abrupt walkout and the Administration's swift retaliation had left neither side any face-saving way to resume negotiations, particularly since the Government considered the bulk of PATCO's constituency no longer strikers but simply among the unemployed. The FAA even took steps to decertify PATCO as the legal bargaining agent for the controllers. Justifiably confident that public opinion was solidly on his side and still basking in his legislative triumphs on Capitol Hill, the President massed a historic show of force against the first labor union to challenge his Administration directly. Ironically, PATCO had been one of the few unions to support him for election last fall.

Reagan's tough reaction to the strike was reminiscent of Franklin D. Roosevelt's wartime order to draft striking coal miners in 1943, then to have the Government seize and operate the mines. When rail unions struck that same year, Roosevelt put the War Department in charge of the railroads. Harry Truman similarly ordered strike-bound coal mines seized in 1946, railroads in 1950 and steel mills in 1952. Richard Nixon in 1970 sent military troops into post offices where federal employees had illegally left their jobs. Still, taking on the controllers was not quite as difficult as facing down coal, steel, railroad and postal workers, who have

Optimistic passengers trying to beat the start of the walkout by queuing up for flights at crowded Los Angeles International Airport

far more members and political clout than does PATCO.*

Actually, Reagan had wanted to move even faster against the air controllers, but was restrained by his aides. The President's impulse on the day before the strike was to warn that all the strikers would be fired. His advisers suggested that since the walkout had not begun, such a statement would be both provocative and premature. Secretary Lewis, who found the controllers dangerously "whipped up," cautioned: "It could have given them a point to rally behind—that we were using a pretty big gun to force them to sign."

Reagan checked his anger and held his fire until after the strike was under way on Monday morning. Summoning reporters and photographers to the White House Rose Garden, he read a gently phrased statement. "I respect the right of workers in the private sector to strike," he said. "Indeed, as president of my own union, I led the first strike ever called by that union [the Screen Actors Guild, 1959]." But Government, he said, "has to provide without interruption the protective services which are Government's reason for being." He noted that Congress (in 1947) passed a law forbidding strikes by Government employees. He read aloud the nonstrike oath that each air controller, and indeed any federal employee, must sign upon hiring, and said of the strikers: "They are in violation of the law, and if they do not report for work within 48 hours, they have forfeited their jobs and will be terminated."

While forceful, the President was not vindictive. "Dammit," he said privately to his aides, including Chief of Staff James Baker and Counsellor Ed Meese, "the law is the law, and the law says they can't strike. By striking they've quit their jobs." Later, Reagan noted publicly that the air controllers were "fine people," and added: "I do feel badly. I take no joy in this. There is just no other choice."

Though Reagan seemed to be taking a safe and popular course in facing down the controllers, failure to do so could have been costly. For one thing, other federal unions—most of them quite small, but a few, including the postal workers, strong and increasingly restive—were warily watching the Administration's attitude toward Government strikers. Said one Reagan aide, drawing a rather far-fetched analogy: "If you cave in to a group like this, that has a stranglehold on public safety, what do you do, for example, when the Army wants to strike? It's the same thing." The President also could not permit a strike to shut down the air industry at a time when his entire economic re-

*Calvin Coolidge, whose picture decorates the Reagan Cabinet room, earned a national reputation as Massachusetts Governor in 1919 for breaking a Boston police strike. But as President, Coolidge declined to take on striking coal miners in 1927.

Stranded traveler reclines at J.F.K.; defiant controllers rally on New York's Long Island

covery program is newly enacted and is about to take effect.

But if the battle was primarily between the President and the controllers, the general public was a much involved third party. An unsettling question formed in millions of minds: Just how safe are the skies when substitute controllers —and, eventually, military specialists unfamiliar with generally heavier civilian air traffic—are manning the towers and scopes? In addition, how long could the supervisors stand the strain?

Federal aviation experts—including Lewis, a lawyer and licensed pilot, and FAA Administrator Lynn Helms, former chairman of Piper Aircraft Corp. and an experienced test pilot—insisted that the system was as safe as ever. Noting that traffic was down at the nation's airports, some airline pilots contended that this actually made flying less hazardous than before the strike. At busy airports, like Chicago's O'Hare International, aircraft were required to stay 20 miles behind another plane approaching a landing, rather than the usual five miles; planes taking off had to wait five minutes instead of the normal one minute or less before rolling down the runway after another had left.

The striking controllers, however, contend that the supervisors are generally older men (in their mid-40s *vs.* mid-30s for rank-and-file controllers) who may have grown rusty at manning the scopes and who may tire once the initial exhilaration of stepping into an emergency situation wears off. Initially they were working 12-hr. daily shifts *vs.* the controllers' usual 40-hr. week. At week's end, Helms ordered that no control tower employee should work more than 48 hours a week. As for the military replacements, many of the strikers themselves first learned their trade in the service, typically during the Viet Nam era. Some contend that the shift to civilian duties was difficult for them. Said Poli, somewhat menacingly, about the fill-in system last week: "I hope that nothing happens." But if it does, he suggested, "the Government is responsible."

The argument scarcely returns the blood to the knuckles of those millions of airline passengers who are jittery about flying under the best of circumstances. TIME Correspondent Madeleine Nash, who has been following air-controller operations at Chicago's O'Hare for several years, last week found a marked change in the mood of the pressure-packed tower crews 200 ft. above the runways, as well as in the darkened radar room 20 ft. underground:

"There is a swaggering style, a macho flair to O'Hare's ace controllers. In near darkness, they hunch over their radarscopes like teen-age boys playing electronic games. Their faces glow in the greenish-yellow light, as each sweep of the radar reveals a constantly changing configuration of planes. They have developed their own special mystique. They chain smoke and drink countless cups of coffee while placating their upset stomachs with chalky Maalox tablets from the big glass candy jars that are standard in every control room.

"During a thunderstorm, the controllers' voices, while crisp and professional, take on a raw edge. Their instructions to pilots are shot out in staccato bursts with no pauses. As tension mounts, profanity flows like water—though the pilots do not hear it. They understate their shared fears. 'Delta, is your heart beating as fast as mine?' a controller will ask with his mike shut off. 'C'mon, you turkey,' another will say about a slow-responding aircraft. 'Who's got Eastern?' one controller will shout. 'Let's get him the hell out of there.'

"Last week the swaggering kids were gone. In their place were gray-haired men wearing ties. There was a staff of 15 rather than the usual 24—and all but one was a supervisor. The atmosphere was more somber than usual. The pace was slower, with long pauses between spoken words. But even the supervisors could not resist breaking into joke-cracking tower talk. Referring to a pregnant female colleague handling departure control, one temporary quipped: 'I've told her we're keeping her till her pains are six minutes apart.' "

Basically, however, the controller's job is a lonely, stressful ordeal. He stares at his scope and gives instructions to pilots, who, as ultimate commanders of their own aircraft, can ignore the advice. But responsibility for the lives of all those airborne s.o.b.s (souls on board, in controller lingo) weighs heavily. They see that constant burden as no less than that of the pilots aloft. Though the jobs are not all that comparable, many of the young controllers resent the higher pay (reaching $115,000) and greater prestige of the airline skippers. "You know how much pilots make," said Striker Matt Blum, 26, as he picketed at O'Hare. "They're flying an airplane with 150 on board, and they're using automatic pilot. We're sitting at a scope working ten airplanes at once, with 150 people on each plane. We have more responsibility, and we spend more time working." So why did Blum become a controller? "It looked like pinball machines in a penny arcade." He adds, somewhat contrarily, "And controllers make good money." Blum's base pay is $27,000 a year.

Jealous of the pilots, fearful of being worn slowly down by the stresses and responsibilities of their own task—yet proud of their skills and fascinated by the space-age gadgetry they have mastered—the controllers gradually came to the conclusion that they had been taken for granted too long. The Government would have to be taught a lesson.

The air controllers have long been unhappy about what they perceived as the sluggish pace at which the FAA supplied them the modern equipment needed to cope with increasingly crowded skies. They felt that nearly all their job-related complaints were being ignored by the FAA when they were represented by the National Association of Government Employees, which included a myriad of other federal workers as well. The controllers broke away, forming PATCO in 1968, partly at the urging of F. Lee Bailey, the noted criminal lawyer, who is a pilot himself.

B. AFFIDAVIT AS TO STRIKING AGAINST THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

I am not participating in any strike against the Government of the United States or any agency thereof, and I will not so participate while an employee of the Government of the United States or any agency thereof.

Part of the antistrike oath that every federal employee must sign

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Opening lines of dismissal letters sent to striking air controllers

"I never thought it would come to this. I thought Reagan was bluffing."

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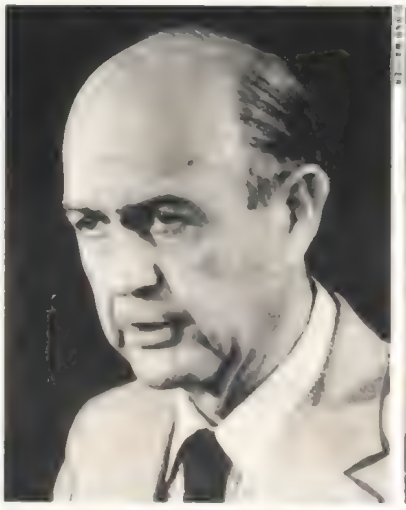
Complaining that airline traffic was up sharply while the number of controllers was not, some 450 of them protested in June 1969 by staying home for two days, claiming to be sick. The FAA declared that PATCO had encouraged the sickout and that it would no longer recognize the union. For three weeks in the spring of 1970, some 3,000 controllers claimed illness and stayed off the job. "We had no equipment—it was dangerous, dangerous," recalls Carl Vaughn, 45, a Pittsburgh controller. "Little or no automation had been introduced, and near misses were a common occurrence." The FAA reacted by firing some 100 local PATCO leaders and temporarily suspending most of the sickout participants. Still, the FAA seemed to get the controllers' point; automated radar gear was gradually installed at major centers. To regain certification as a bargaining unit, PATCO in 1971 formally pledged never again to encourage a work stoppage or engage in a strike. At the time, only about 3,000 controllers remained in the union.

As air traffic continued to grow, so did the controllers' concerns about stress and safety, and so did PATCO. By the mid-

'70s, the union had nearly 15,000 members—all but 2,000 of the entire staff of qualified FAA controllers. The union grew increasingly militant as rank-and-file members felt that each new contract failed to meet their same old demands for more reliable equipment, less grueling shift schedules and more pay.

A turning point came last year when both Leyden and the union's longtime vice president, Poli, turned in resignations to PATCO's executive committee in response to the mounting membership complaints. The board accepted Leyden's, but not Poli's. Explained Controller Vaughn: "In Leyden's day, there was no better union leader. But in the end he didn't hang tough. He didn't want a strike. Poli stood up to it all." Added another controller: "Leyden had our hearts, but Poli understands us."

Elevated to the presidency, Poli took his reputation as a militant seriously. A hearty eater and drinker, the 6-ft. 2-in. Pittsburgh native usually speaks calmly and always clearly. "I am not a ranter or a raver or a stomper," he says. "I am frank and straightforward." One critic calls him "a brash bastard," while one follower considers him "a helluva father figure." Poli does not apologize for, in effect, pushing his friend Leyden aside. "We could see there might be cause to strike," he explains coolly. "I knew I would be ready for it, and John might not be."



Federal Aviation Administrator Helms

Secretary of Transportation Lewis

"To all intents and purposes, the strike is over. Our concern is to rebuild."

Still, a strike seemed far from inevitable when negotiations between PATCO and the FAA began last February. Technically, the FAA is not like a private employer in such talks; anything it agreed to would have to be approved by Congress. Poli opened the bargaining by presenting 96 demands, a list the FAA's Helms understandably dismissed as excessive. Yet the union was truly serious about three of its concerns:

WAGES. Poli asked for a $10,000 across-the-board annual increase for all controllers. Their pay now ranges from $20,462—the starting salary at some 100 unhurried airports serving small cities—to $49,229. The wages increase with the difficulty of the job (starting pay at one of the busy "birdcages" near New York, Chicago and Los Angeles is $37,000). On top of that, Poli wanted a twice-a-year, cost-of-living increase that would be 1½ times the rate of inflation. The FAA offered a $4,000 wage hike, which would have included a $1,700 increase as part of the 4.8% raise given all federal employees this year.

WORK WEEK. Poli sought to cut the five-day 40-hr. week back to a four-day 32-hr. schedule—a reduction the controllers seem to want more than pay increases. While they apparently would not accept a salary cut to compensate the Government for their reduced hours, most PATCO members see this issue as the key to lowering their on-the-job anxieties and enhancing safety. The Government at first refused to consider any shortened work week, fearing that similiar demands from other federal workers would start a budget-busting trend at a time of general spending cuts.

RETIREMENT. Claiming that controllers burn out faster than other federal employees, PATCO sought an earlier retirement age and higher pension benefits. At present a controller can retire with half pay at age 50 if he has worked for 20 years, and at any age after serving 25 years. Poli asked that retirement be permitted to any controller after 20 years of work and with 75% of his base salary. The Government adamantly opposed this demand as contrary to its entire drive to hold the line against future Government expenses.

After neither side budged during 2½ months of fruitless talks, Poli said on May 22 that his members would walk out a month later if there were no "acceptable" Government proposal by then. The Administration responded by sending Secretary Lewis to replace Helms, whom the PATCO negotiators considered hopelessly rigid, as its chief bargainer.

Just before the June 22 deadline, Lewis offered a $40 million package of improvements. It included a 10% pay hike for controllers who also act as instructors, an increase in the pay differential for nighttime work to 20%, from the present 10%, and a guaranteed 30-min. lunch period (controllers often munch sandwiches at their scopes when there is too much traffic for a break). Poli found the package insultingly stingy.

Poli, however, knew he did not have 80% of all controllers behind him to win a strike vote, as required by PATCO's rules. After eleventh-hour dickering, he gained extra retraining benefits for medically disqualified controllers and time-and-a-half pay after 36 hours, though the work week remained at 40 hours. With that, PATCO negotiators called off the strike and put the settlement up for a vote. It was rejected by 95% of PATCO's members.

When new talks began on July 31, PATCO negotiators claimed that they had reduced the cost of their demands from $1.1 billion to about $500 million. The FAA computed the union package at $681 million—some 17 times the cost of the settlement Poli had provisionally accepted earlier. Poli, on the other hand, insisted that the federal negotiators "gave us an ultimatum: take their original offer, which had been overwhelmingly rejected by our people, or leave it. We had no choice but to leave it." After a final weekend in which both sides stubbornly repeated their frozen positions, the strike began.

When the Administration reacted with its fine-and-fire-'em ultimatum, top Government officials fully expected at least half of the PATCO controllers to heed the warnings and return to work. But by week's end only 1,260 had gone back to their posts, while fully 80% of the PATCO members still were staying home.

Their defiant stand in the face of the law, and in repudiation of their own employee oaths, was a lonely one. As a strike of taxpayer-supported employees—and such relatively well-paid ones at that—it drew little public sympathy. One supporter was the American Civil Liberties Union, which declared that "the right to strike is a fundamental civil liberty and should not be denied to public employees any more than to private ones." More significantly, organized labor around the world rallied behind PATCO, an AFL-CIO affiliate. Controllers in half a dozen countries caused delays in flights to and from the U.S. At home, the support was mostly verbal. Accusing Reagan of "harsh and brutal overkill," AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland argued that every worker, individually and collectively, has the right to withhold his services. Said he: "You don't

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solve the problem by passing a law that says it's illegal."

Kirkland led a caravan of top union officials, who were attending an AFL-CIO executive council meeting in Chicago, to join cheering PATCO pickets at O'Hare. The labor leaders included United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser and William Winpisinger, president of the machinists' union that handles airline baggage and services the big jets—duties that, if stopped, could quickly ground most of the planes. Winpisinger urged Reagan to stop "union busting" and to "get rational and sit down to negotiate an agreement."

Privately, however, the labor leaders were highly critical of Poli for calling an unpopular strike with so little warning and without seeking the help or advice of other veteran union strategists. The controllers' strike, conceded Fraser, "could do massive damage to the labor movement. That's why PATCO should have talked to the AFL-CIO council." The machinists were not crossing PATCO picket lines, but at most airports they could get to their jobs without doing so. If more flights are curtailed by the strike, the machinists fear that airlines will cut back their jobs. The Air Line Pilots Association, another AFL-CIO union, had not joined the strike. Reflecting such inter-union strains, Winpisinger said that the pilots could lose half their jobs, too, and added tartly: "They ought to be a little bit more excited about it than us, since they make 2½ times as much as we do."

Poli was also criticized by other unionists for failing to try to explain the issues to members of Congress and for even refusing the offer of a public relations firm to help him get his union's story across to the public. Said one labor insider about Poli: "He may be a good traffic controller, but he is over his head as an administrator and political strategist." A former PATCO official said acidly of Poli: "He's taking his members on a trip to Jonestown with a few gallons of Kool-Aid."

Despite a genuine spirit of camaraderie, the picket lines were not without expressions of fear and even some criticism of Poli's strategy. At New Jersey's huge Newark Airport, a controller with eight years experience said sadly, "I never thought it would come to this. I thought Reagan was bluffing." Poli, he said, should have taken the court injunctions banning the strike as a reason to surrender with honor. "He could have said that he didn't want to give the Federal Government an excuse to bust the union and that he was ordering us back under protest. I think he blew it." Sandi Engel, a controller at Illinois' busy Aurora center, is married to a union welder who opposes the strike. Says she: "Every morning he tells me, 'What you're doing is illegal. You're going to jail.' "

Any doubts, however, seemed much in the minority. At a noisy PATCO rally in Hollis, N.H.,* Controller Joe Gannon, 39, noted the nonstrike oath he had taken but observed: "I have a much higher oath. I could not bring myself to the position of handling all those aircraft under the stresses I was being subjected to, knowing that I was affecting hundreds of lives. I had a moral obligation." Picketing at New York's J.F.K. Airport, Pat Hagen, 36, said firmly: "Some of us may go to jail. I don't think I'd be normal if I wasn't frightened, but I'm not intimidated. This union is tight, almost like a family." Walking beside him was his own family, Wife Diane and three children. Said she: "I can tell when he walks in the door, by the slant of his shoulders and the way he's holding his head, that he's had a bad day."

Almost unanimously, certainly wishfully, the striking controllers predict that the Administration's plans to replace them will not work. Contended Controller Dick Holzhauer at an Oakland, Calif., radar center: "If we hang together, I know they can't run the system without us. They're going to want their pound of flesh, but they'll settle." Asked Controller Roger Hicks at Houston Intercontinental Airport: "Where are they going to get 13,000 controllers and train them before the economy sinks? The reality is, we are it. They have to deal with us."

Applicants for newly vacant controller jobs seek forms in Manhattan

"I can tell when he walks in the door that he's had a bad day."

Both Secretary Lewis and the FAA's Helms argue that the striking controllers can be safely replaced, though Lewis concedes that air traffic would have to be reduced from former levels for as long as 21 months. Lewis claims that last week's experience shows that, contrary to the controllers' decade-old refrain, the 17,500-controller system is overstaffed, perhaps by as many as 3,000 workers. Another 3,000 supervisors as well as 2,000 nonstrikers were working. Lewis would also close as many as 60 small airport towers, freeing 1,000 controllers for other duty. These closings began last week. Thus, in the end, 7,500 new controllers would have to be hired and trained.

All that would take time, though Lewis claimed that some 20,000 people have inquired about becoming controllers since the strike began. The FAA's Oklahoma City training school was considering a triple-shift, six-day weekly schedule in which it could produce more than 5,500 graduates in a year, even allowing for the normal failure rate of 20%.

Can the U.S. air-control system undergo nearly a complete change of staff and still function safely? The sheer magnitude of the undertaking would suggest not, at least for a while. Yet Jerome Lederer, founder of the private Flight Safety Foundation and one of the nation's most respected aerospace safety experts, is confident that it can. He warns, however, that all the operators of aircraft, from corporate jets to jumbo airliners and giant cargo planes, must "not be permitted to overload the system." The FAA vows to keep traffic limited to the ability of the substitute, newly developing staff to handle it. That will mean grave inconveniences in a jet-dependent age, but, carefully done, probably no serious diminutions in the standards that have made America's air-traffic control system the best in the world.

For a public that may need constant reassurance, there will be an independent, ongoing reliable source; the airline pilots themselves. The moment the strike began, their own union, ALPA, started monitoring every flight's safety conditions. Says ALPA President John J. O'Donnell: "So long as airline pilots continue to fly their appointed routes, the public can be assured it is safe." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Gary Lee/Washington and Peter Stoler/New York, with other U.S. bureaus*

*Not all labor protests require a high decibel count. Last week members of West Germany's Bavarian State Opera struck in their own fashion. In Act III of *Die Meistersinger*, to the astonishment of the audience, they simply walked through their parts, mouthing their lyrics without making a sound

Take This Job and Love It

How stressful is air-traffic control? Very, but it's not unique

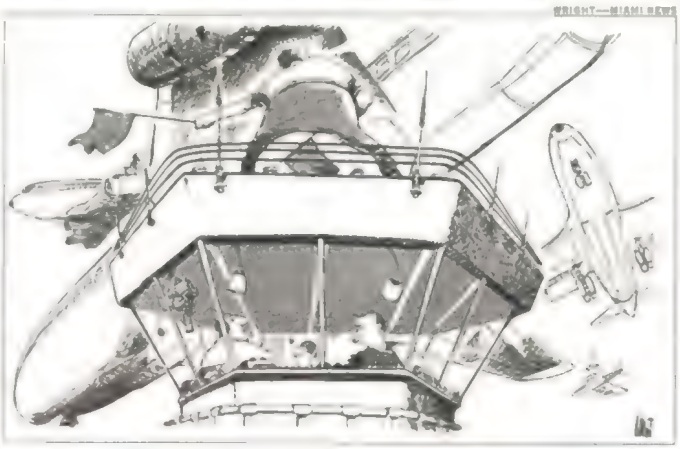
"We were making love and it was O.K., you know? And suddenly he stops and that's it, he can't go on. And I say, 'What's wrong?' And he tells me that he heard a plane flying over our house." That lament, from the wife of an air-traffic controller, sounds like a case for Sigmund Freud. But it is typical, says Clinical Psychologist Barry Beder of Detroit, of the emotional problems and other job-related disorders he has uncovered in counseling more than 300 controllers. He calls them "the most stressed group" he has treated—more than auto executives in mid-recession, more than nurses or teachers or police, more than airline pilots. Beder, who has been a paid consultant to the controllers' striking union, PATCO, eagerly endorses what has become a key union bargaining claim: that the job imposes unique psychological pressure because, as he puts it, "one five-second error can lead to the loss of hundreds of lives."

But federal officials last week were suggesting that computerization and other technological advances have made many controllers' jobs only somewhat more demanding than a spirited game of *Space Invaders*. Said Secretary of Transportation Drew Lewis: "There's no more stress on this job than on a number of others. Firemen, policemen, just to name a few. I think maybe we've seen too many movies of pilots being brought in when someone has a heart attack."

Just how stressful is a controller's job? The short answer: very, but by no means uniquely. The long answer: stress may be what makes the job, and perhaps the people who hold it, a bit more interesting than most.

Medical researchers have been studying air controllers intensively since at least the 1960s, but findings are contradictory. In one sampling, the percentage of controllers with high blood pressure was only a third of the national average. In another, the percentage was more than double the norm. One researcher found frequent ulcers and other stomach disorders. Another found heartbeat irregularities among controllers at twice the rate for other men their age. Still other research found that resentment of management was the greatest source of controller dissatisfaction, while "stress" was, in fact, the negative aspect of work that the controllers cited least. In addition, rates of alcohol abuse and divorce appear no higher for air controllers than for other Americans. The March 1979 issue of *Aviation, Space and Environmental Medicine* characterized recent research: "In general the stress of ATC work is no greater than could be expected for 'normal' populations."

One major problem in measuring the job's demands is that there is not just one kind of controller but at least five. The most familiar, the chief in the tower at an airport, gives each pilot formal permission to land or take off. A "scheduler" writes flight plans. A "ground controller" directs the aircraft along taxiways. An "approach controller" guides pilots through the congested airspace immediately around the airport. When airplanes get outside the vicinity of an airport they are directed by a series of "en route controllers" at 20 regional centers across the U.S. Pressures can differ considerably among the tasks, and also between overworked fields like Chicago's O'Hare, where during rush hour there is a takeoff or landing twice a minute, and such sleepy aerodromes as Alton, Ill., Hobbs, N. Mex., and Hagerstown, Md., which were among 66 recommended in June for closure or cutbacks in a report by the General Accounting Office. Even in harried postings, controllers work no more than two straight hours monitoring air traffic. At other times they train new controllers, read technical manuals or perform other low-stress duties.



WRIGHT—MIAMI NEWS

"You think the pressure is getting to old Smitty?"

At its worst, controlling can be a hectic job of six-day weeks, and controllers say things can get unexpectedly exciting —or perilous—two or three times a day. Many controllers work nights and weekends (for extra pay), and their shift hours can change from week to week, sometimes from day to day. Overtime is not common —on the average, only about 100 hours a year in Chicago and 150 hours a year in New York.

Computerized equipment, which was expected to reduce stress, did not appear to help and may have increased the pressure, according to some studies. Since computerization, the controllers have been expected to handle more planes, and a boom in air travel, particularly in unscheduled general aviation, has cluttered the skies. Even controllers concede that computers have made the job somewhat easier, but complain that the machines fail frequently and unpredictably. At least some of the rise in reports of stress may not have reflected the rigors of controlling as much as a controversial "second career" program, phased out two years ago because of alleged abuses. It allowed "disabled" controllers to receive partial pay for two years while training for another job. During the program, disability retirements jumped sharply.

Controllers say that from 1975 through 1979, 89% of their colleagues who retired did so for medical reasons. The FAA concedes that the average controller stays 14 years, while the normal minimum for nonmedical retirement is 20 years. But since the tightening of the disability rules, says the FAA, things have changed. During the year ending in June, 2.8% of fully qualified controllers retired, and less than half, or 1.1%, retired on disability. That was the same percentage as in the federal civil service as a whole. Those statistics are somewhat misleading, however. Controllers tend to be younger and healthier (they must pass a rigorous annual physical) than other civil servants, so they would be expected to have fewer than average medical problems.

Some controllers—like some policemen, ambulance drivers, commodities traders, advertising executives and journalists—seem to thrive on stress. Medical researchers have found that for many people, stress in either work or recreation—and the hormonal response it produces—can be the equivalent of an addictive drug. Says Striker Joe Gannon, 39, an eleven-year veteran based at the Boston Air Route Traffic Control Center in Nashua, N.H.: "The job is extremely rewarding. When I'm sitting at that radar screen and I'm working 15 aircraft, I make the decisions and I see the end product immediately—the safe exit of the aircraft. Every day is a challenge."

Medically, psychologically and actuarially, controlling seems to be significantly more debilitating than most jobs, but less stressful than controllers claim. Yet it is clear that there are some occupational terrors that simply cannot be quantified. Chief among them, researchers concede, is the daily unremitting fear of causing what controllers, in their black-humor bravado, call "an aluminum shower."

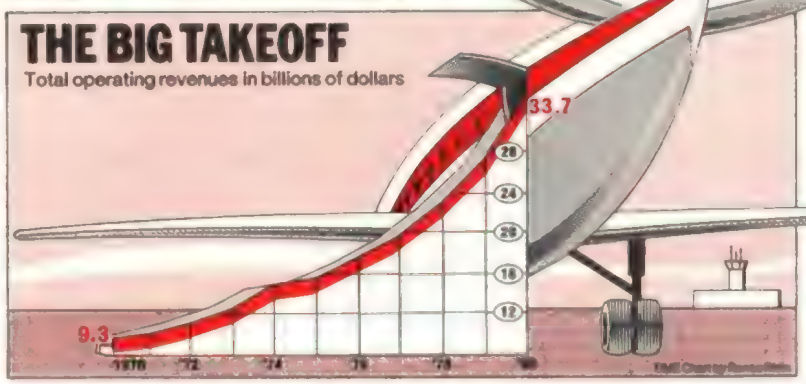
—By William A. Henry III. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus

The Economic Perils of Chaos Aloft

Disruptions in air service would bring problems aplenty for business

When 13,000 of the 17,500 American air-traffic controllers walked off their jobs last week, they put at risk far more than their own paychecks and jobs. The strike was also a karate chop at not just a key component of the American transportation system, the largest, costliest and most complex network on earth, but also, and ultimately, a blow aimed at the entire U.S. economy.

Moving both people and cargo regularly and reliably is one of the basic building blocks of any modern industrial economy, and increasingly that transport is done by air. Every day 800,000 passengers, 60% of them business travelers, settle down, buckle up and take off aboard 14,000 scheduled commercial flights, both domestic and international. In addition, 10,000 tons of air cargo containing everything from computer parts to goldfish are carried to destinations near and far. The immediate result is more than $30 billion per year in revenues to the airlines, and jobs for 340,000 employees, ranging from ticket clerks to mechanics to pilots and cabin attendants.



In addition, the ripple effects of the industry reach into just about every city, village and household in America. Airlines in the U.S. account, one way or another, for at least 3% or so of the entire American gross national product. Says George A. Warde, president of Continental Airlines of Los Angeles: "Aviation has become the predominant feature of American life, and any prolonged disruption of air traffic would cause major, major problems."

Every day, U.S. commercial airlines buy and burn $31 million in gasoline and jet-aviation fuel. Air carriers are a primary market for companies as diverse as Boeing Co. of Seattle, the world's leading maker of commercial aircraft, and Marriott Corp. of Washington, D.C., a hotel, entertainment and food services company that daily provided approximately 180,000 meals aloft before the strike. Airlines may be more dependent upon computers and data-processing equipment than any other private sector of the U.S. economy outside of banking and finance.

The growth of commercial air transport has literally changed the landscape of U.S. business. To spur their local economies and attract new corporations, cities have invested many billions of dollars in the construction and expansion of airports and terminal facilities. These have become beacons for business in their own right, complete with hotels, shops and restaurants. One of the newest in the nation is Atlanta's eleven-month-old Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport, a sprawling, twin-terminal complex designed to eliminate the congestion that had existed at the city's old one, which was already the second busiest in the U.S. after Chicago's O'Hare.

Extensive air-transport service in and out of Miami International Airport has made that city a key jumping-off point for companies doing business in South America. In recent years, more than 100 multinational corporations, including Alcoa, Du Pont, Goodyear and Borden, have opened regional offices in nearby Coral Gables, a ten-minute drive from the airport.

One reason that South Carolina now has the third fastest growing industrial sector of any state in the U.S. is Charleston International Airport. Among the companies that have set up factories within an easy drive of the twin-runway airport: Cummins Engine, Du Pont, Levi Strauss, Memorex, Celanese and Exxon. Says Michael Kazeef, a manager for Alumax Inc., a leading aluminum producer: "In Washington State, the airport is 120 miles from our plant and going there was a big inconvenience. For any large company, an airport close by is a necessity. Vendors, salesmen, parts, cargo, company officials, you name it. We use the Charleston airport every day."

Air transport spurred the development of business in both Hawaii and Alaska and helped to open them to statehood. It also fueled the growth of Puerto Rico and made it a leading business center of the Caribbean.

Fortunately, the U.S. economy has so far been spared the sorts of dislocations that the striking air-traffic controllers had been hoping to bring about. As planes continued to take off and land throughout the week, more or less on schedule, Administration officials grew confident that the actual economic impact of the walkout would not be great, at least for now. Said James Burnham, a White House economist and spokesman for the President's Council of Economic Advisers: "I don't believe that this strike, as it has developed, will have any measurable impact on the gross national product or any other national economic statistic."

On the other hand, it is clear that the economy, as well as businesses by the tens of thousands, would suffer jolts aplenty if protracted and real chaos wrecked the smooth functioning of commercial aviation throughout the U.S. Says Robert Joedicke, an airlines industry expert with New York City's Lehman Bros. Kuhn Loeb investment-banking firm: "Air transport is the nation's only basic means of transportation beyond 500 miles. Without air transport, you absolutely hamstring the economy." Just how much it is hamstrung will depend on the duration of the turmoil in the skies.

Air travel basically enables companies to get their products to market and their salesmen to customers. "We are dependent on the airlines," says Sidney Topol, chairman of Scientific-Atlanta Inc., a firm that manufactures satellite antennas and other telecommunications equipment. "I've got 100 salesmen in the field, and air-travel availability is important. There is simply no substitute for face-to-face contact with customers."

Though most West Coast fruit and vegetables are shipped East for sale either by truck or refrigerated rail car,

some perishables, like plant-ripened strawberries, must be moved by plane. Last week California growers were shipping 400,000 lbs. of the fruit daily by air with no difficulty. Says Herbert Baum, president of Naturipe Berry Growers Inc., one of the state's largest agricultural cooperatives: "We had expected serious problems, but so far we have not been affected. We are quite surprised."

The nation's fresh-fish markets last week braced for trouble. The U.S. consumes approximately 1.47 million lbs. of fresh fish daily, including Pacific Coast salmon, Maine lobster and Florida red snapper. Most of this must get to market in no more than a few days after it is caught, to help guard against spoilage. The Landlock Seafood Co. of Dallas has sold about $6 million worth of fresh fish this year to 175 different hotels, restaurants and supermarkets in the Dallas–Fort Worth area. Company President Richard Polins says that he may soon start bringing fish overland from Boston and Seattle by teams of truckers driving nonstop. Said he: "We've built our business by the air, and this strike could cripple us."

Even some foreign companies are suffering from the walkout. Shaver Poultry Breeding Farms Ltd. of Cambridge, Ont., is one of the world's largest poultry firms. Every 24 hours it ships as many as 50,000 day-old chicks to clients around the globe, some of them in the U.S. Newborn chicks can live for no more than three days without feeding, which is prohibitively expensive during transport. Thus air freight is essential for Shaver's business. Says a company official: "For the moment we are managing, but if U.S. flights halt, that could start backing up Canadian flights, and we would be in trouble."

Another business anxiously watching the strike is health-care services, which in recent years has become more and more dependent on air transport. The Greater New York Blood Program, the largest such nonprofit blood bank in the world, now receives nearly one-third of its daily blood needs on overnight flights from suppliers in Europe. The Cleveland-based Organ Recovery Inc., a regional clearinghouse for transplant operations, relies essentially on air carriers to get kidneys, livers and other organs quickly to those in need.

Fresh-cut flower markets also depend on air transport of their products. In Colorado, where about 20% of the nation's carnations are grown, wholesalers initially feared that flight cancellations would leave tens of thousands of blooms wilting alongside the runway at Denver's Stapleton International Airport. In New York's bustling flower market, blooms arrive daily from as far away as California, South America and The Netherlands, and delivery delays can mean big losses. In fact, shipments arrived as expected in most markets around the country.

Sorting packages at Federal Express in Memphis

"Without air transport, you hamstring the economy."

It is not just products that can spoil or rot that move by air. Tens of millions of dollars in nonperishable goods are also transported by airlines, and delivery delays can lead to losses many times larger than the cost of the actual goods shipped. Commercial aviation moves 90% of the nation's first-class mails and is the principal way in which many firms rush spare parts to customers. Shell Oil Co.'s huge Norco refinery outside New Orleans daily receives several such shipments of spare parts, and its operations could have to be cut back without them.

Many important new industries get their products to market by air transport. Much of the 1.2 million lbs. of air-freight cargo shipped every day out of Boston's Logan International Airport consists of computers, semiconductors and other microelectronics equipment manufactured by high-technology firms in the Boston area. Last week those shipments were leaving as usual.

The American financial system still relies on air service, despite the great growth in electronic fund transfers, the method of automatically switching money from one bank to another via computer hookups. To receive payment on checks deposited by customers, banks must physically transport them to regional clearing centers that are operated by large banks and Federal Reserve branches. The funds can then be processed.

On any given day a typical big-city commercial bank might have anywhere from several million to several hundred million dollars in checks to clear, and delays are costly, since the prevailing short-term interest rate is about 20%. Says Douglas Chalou, vice president for distribution at Detroit Bank & Trust Co.: "Some of our check-clearing points are already beginning to have troubles because of the controllers' strike, and the delays can cost us up to $600 for every $1 million that we handle."

Most businesses are so far surviving the air controllers' strike reasonably well primarily because much of the $2.4 billion in goods shipped yearly by air freight moves at night, when passenger air traffic is at a minimum. Although many airlines last week had to cut their passenger flights by anywhere from 20% to 40% during certain high-volume daytime hours, night flights and freight shipments have not been hard hit.

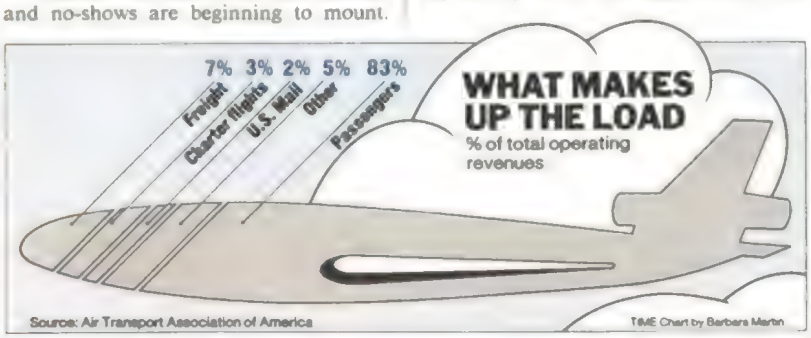
That has been a relief to freight forwarding companies everywhere. In fact, in recent years, many such companies have begun operating, or sharply expanding, cargo-plane services of their own. Flying Tiger Line of Los Angeles, the largest U.S. all-cargo carrier (1980 revenues: $713 million), ships everything from oil-drilling equipment and pharmaceuticals to machine parts, chemicals and cut flowers. Emery Air Freight Corp. of Wilton, Conn. (1980 revenues: $551 million), operates 62 aircraft serving 130 airports in North America, Europe and the Pacific. Federal Express of Memphis flies 60 jets delivering small packages overnight. Federal Express is so confident about its ability to maintain service despite the strike that last week it started a $7 million advertising program to launch its new private airmail system that sends letters overnight for $9.95 each.

The companies most immediately imperiled by the controllers' walkout are, of course, the airlines. The industry is already in the midst of an unprecedented upheaval as a result of the Federal Government's decontrol of routes and fares. Washington's action has spawned a whole new generation of regional and short-haul carriers that are slashing prices, adding routes and grabbing business away from some of the largest and best-known American carriers. Since January, pas-

senger volume on American Airlines has slumped by 3.8%, while on TWA it is down 10.7%. Though American managed to inch back into profitability during the first six months of 1981, TWA lost $11.1 million, while United Air Lines, Eastern and Pan Am were all in the red.

The airlines had been counting on August, a period during which passenger bookings normally rise by about 20%, to help cushion the drop in business. But the walkout has now created doubts about whether anywhere near the normal number of people will be jetting off for end-of-summer vacations. Says Swati Vaishnar, a Manhattan travel agent: "There has been a lot of confusion and cancellations because people just do not know what to do. They simply don't want to be stuck in some city during their vacation, and they also think, rightly or wrongly, that there is a risk in flying without regular and experienced air-traffic controllers in the towers."

Losses to airlines from cancellations and no-shows are beginning to mount. Not only are the air carriers flying fewer planes, but fewer passengers are turning up at airports, and planes are taking off in some cases only half full. Many travelers are making reservations on several flights, in the hope that one will get off the ground. But that can mean five empty seats on other flights.



Worse still, the carriers are threatened by the loss of the largest group of full-fare passengers, businessmen. Industry Analyst Julius Malduti of the Salomon Brothers investment-banking firm warns that if executives begin canceling appointments and meetings, that would shift the passenger mix more and more toward discount-fare vacation flyers, who are prepared to go out to the airport and wait a few hours for a stand-by seat. In the economics of the airline industry, those travelers provide marginal income rather than the bulk of revenues, which comes from full-fare passengers. Few airlines can make money on planes packed mainly with discount flyers.

On the first day of the strike last week, TWA alone estimates that it lost $6 million and perhaps as much as $14 million by week's end. To prevent a sudden cash crunch, Braniff Airways of Dallas, which in 1980 lost $131 million on revenues of $1.5 billion, laid off 1,500 of its 10,200 employees. In Miami, Eastern Air Lines slashed the salaries of 39 top officers by 10%. Company Chairman Frank Borman said the cuts would go into effect Aug. 16 and remain in force as long as Eastern continues to operate at a reduced level as a result of the strike.

For troubled Pan Am, the perils of a protracted walkout are, if anything, even greater. Since January, the ailing airline has lost $217.6 million on revenues of $1.9 billion, and corporate infighting has consumed top management in almost nonstop bickering and intrigues. Last month the board of directors forced Chairman William Seawell to retire a year early, and it is now searching for a new chairman. Though nearly 70% of Pan Am's business derives from overseas flights, which have so far been least affected by the controllers' walkout, passengers have still not been turning up for departing flights. On a normal Monday, nearly 13,000 passengers board Pan Am planes in the U.S., but last week the number dropped to a mere 7,600, and planes were flying throughout the week only 64% full at best.

Though the walkout will continue to pinch the revenues of all commercial airlines in the short run, the longer term prospects may not be so bleak. Air carriers may have to operate at reduced schedules for perhaps a full year, while the Federal Aviation Administration trains new air-traffic controllers to replace those fired by the President last week. This would force the companies to curtail flights of their less efficient planes, including DC-9s and Boeing 727s, and ultimately to accelerate the selling off of the aging planes, which has actually already been under way for months. With fewer planes in the air, more seats would be filled, and discount fares would diminish. Overall industry profits would wind up climbing rather than falling.

Business prospects for many hotels, resorts, convention centers and travel agencies are equally unsettled for the short term. Commercial aviation has spurred the growth of American trade-show and convention business, and made possible a 20-year boom in domestic and foreign vacation resorts, ranging from dude ranches to health spas and ski slopes.

While reservations at hotels and vacation resorts have not dropped sharply in all cities, isolated floods of cancellations are beginning to develop. In New Orleans, no-shows at the New Orleans Hilton & Towers are running at 50% for the week. New York's Sheraton Center experienced a similarly large and abrupt rise in cancellations and no-shows, as well as a dramatic 75% drop in new reservations.

By contrast, the week-old walkout has already proved to be a bonanza for a few lucky businesses. In New England, passenger volume for Trailways jumped 40%. In the Midwest, business for Greyhound was up 55% on some routes, particularly in the Chicago and Indianapolis areas. The troubled Amtrak rail network enjoyed a 5% to 10% bookings spurt. On Amtrak's Metroliner service between New York City and Boston, passenger traffic climbed by 20%.

Perhaps the biggest winner from the strike has been the car-rental agencies. Nationwide business for the Hertz division of the RCA Corp. was up 10%; rentals by the firm jumped 25% in Manhattan and 35% in Atlanta. In Dallas–Fort Worth, demand for cars was so strong that National Car Rental System, a subsidiary of Household Finance Corp., ran out of vehicles.

Private charter airlines also did well last week. Jet Airways of Los Angeles operates five Learjets and a twin-engine Piper Navajo prop, but demand has been so strong that the company is now looking to lease more planes.

Even if the economic disruption in the U.S. has not been as great as expected, experience abroad shows what strikes, sick-outs and slowdowns by air-traffic controllers can eventually do to business. In Italy, sudden and unannounced work stoppages this summer have scrambled schedules at Fiumicino Airport and elsewhere, scaring away travelers and crimping that country's $7 billion tourist trade. Britain has had on-again off-again air-traffic control service for months.

In the end, nothing can replace the laborsaving, productivity-boosting powers of commercial air transport. Like a vast and intricate nervous system for the economy, air travel has stimulated business and fostered wealth wherever planes have flown. In the process, more and more businesses have come to depend on air transport as much as aviation has grown to rely on business. That mutual dependency has brought enormous benefit to Americans everywhere, and that should continue when air travel returns to normal. After a week of efforts by the controllers to stop America's air-transport system, the industry continues to function with a smooth reliability that has surprised almost everyone. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Los Angeles and Christopher Redman/Detroit, with other U.S. bureaus*

A Not-So-Brief Intermission

Then Reagan will face a new, more demanding set of issues

The stage is empty. There is a dramatic pause, tinged with accomplishment and anticipation. Washington's feature performers have exited—Ronald Reagan to his California ranch, Congressmen to their home districts. Act I of the Reagan Revolution, subtitled by the President "A New Beginning," was a dramatic 200-day political showdown between (stage right) an Administration determined to change America's economic system radically and (stage left) a Democratic House leadership hoping to preserve the social programs and progressive taxes that have evolved since the New Deal. Reagan's dazzling victories won him wide applause—both enthusiastic and grudging—for a masterly political performance. Now, players and audience alike await the second act, in which foreign policy and controversial domestic issues promise to dominate the stage.

The first-act curtain came down last week, as Congress overwhelmingly approved final language of the bitterly contested tax bill that passed two weeks ago. Over the next three years, the measure will cut personal rates by a total of 25% and provide a bevy of benefits for oil firms, savings and loan institutions, commodities traders and other businesses with powerful lobbyists. Altogether, the bill will reduce federal revenues by $750 billion by fiscal 1986. Senator Edward Kennedy made a last-ditch fight against some of the $33 billion worth of giveaways to the oil industry but accomplished little more than to annoy colleagues anxious to begin the August recess. Democrat James Shannon of Massachusetts similarly tried to reopen debate on these provisions in the House and was resoundingly beaten back. His party, which for decades had dominated budget and revenue debate in the House, had to content itself with the consolation that the President would henceforth be held solely accountable for any economic problems. Intoned vanquished House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill: "The deficit is his. The interest rates are his. Unemployment is his."

Reagan, who plans to sign the tax bill next week, after Government printers finally catch up with the prolific lawmakers, seemed undaunted by the economic revolution he has effected. "Now all we have to do is make it work," he said with grand understatement at a farewell luncheon at the Washington *Star*, which ceased publication last week after years of heavy financial losses. Warned the President: "The signing of these economic matters, that isn't the end of the game—that's the beginning."

But before he starts this new phase of his term, Reagan will spend 28 days at his beloved Rancho del Cielo near Santa Barbara, Calif., chopping wood and riding his horse Little Man.* He spent the flight west last Thursday cleaning out his briefcase and has firmly told his aides, who had proposed presidential visits to Alaska and Hawaii, that he has earned an uninterrupted vacation. Only a doctor and a military aide are at the ranch with Reagan. Chief of Staff James Baker will spend time alone fishing in Texas and Assistant Michael Deaver will retreat to the New England coast. Only Counsellor Edwin Meese will remain on duty, splitting his time between the White House and California. Says one aide: "The President wants time to himself." His only scheduled activity is a short visit to Los Angeles for a meeting with advisers on defense policy, socializing, and a possible press conference, plus brief appearances at three California fund raisers.

After their first 200 days, the Reagans leave for a month off

"That isn't the end of the game—that's the beginning."

Before he left Washington, there was a warmup for the foreign policy debate that will soon take center stage. President Anwar Sadat of Egypt arrived in Washington, the first in a series of post-vacation Middle Eastern visitors who will include Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin, Jordan's King Hussein and Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd. Sadat was met on the White House lawn with great flourish: herald trumpeters played an original composition called *A Salute for a New Beginning*, and Reagan called the Egyptian "a man whom history will undoubtedly label one of the 20th century's most courageous peacemakers."

Sadat had more than just ceremony on his mind, however. At his first official meeting with Reagan, he urged the inclusion of the Palestine Liberation Organization in future peace talks. Palestinian participation in the cease-fire now in place between Israel and P.L.O. guerrillas in Lebanon, he said, was a "great achievement." Sadat reminded the President that the 1978 Camp David agreement called for Palestinians to be brought into the negotiations this year. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, however, ruled out any such move. He said that the U.S. would continue to honor its commitment to Israel to have no formal contact with the P.L.O., until the P.L.O. recognized the legitimate existence of the Jewish state.

State Department policymakers have been frustrated that the White House, preoccupied with Reagan's economic program, has done nothing to develop a Middle East policy, and that the President has displayed a degree of innocence about the issues involved. If nothing else, the specialists at State hope that the cordial meeting with Sadat helped focus Reagan's attention on the intricacy and urgency of the region's problems.

Sadat also urged the U.S. to build upon Saudi Arabia's recent cooperation in forging the Lebanese cease-fire. Even though the Saudis have berated Sadat for signing the Camp David accords, he urged the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to support Reagan's proposal to sell Saudi

*The last presidential vacation of such duration was Richard Nixon's 31-day stay at San Clemente in 1969. But Nixon, unlike Reagan, took along most of his staff, wore a coat and tie constantly, designated his home the Western White House and clearly ran the Government from there, as people and paper shuttled constantly cross-continent on red-eye flights. When President Thomas Jefferson was criticized for his long vacations, he cited George Washington as his precedent for escaping the swampy capital in August and September. Said he: "Grumble who will, I will never pass those two months on tide-water."

Arabia five new AWACS surveillance planes. For his part, Reagan stressed the importance of bringing moderate Arab nations, particularly the Saudis, into the peace process. Said he: "We have to convince them that we can be allied with them as we are with Israel and that we're not biased on the part of one nation alone." He also sent a letter to Capitol Hill leaders stressing the importance to U.S. policy of the AWACS sale, and asking them not to "prejudge our proposal before it is presented."

Sadat used several maps to illustrate the growing Soviet presence in the Persian Gulf region and Africa and pressed for more U.S. aid and military equipment. The U.S. must be firm in resisting Soviet expansion, he said, but he made a strong plea that anti-Communism not be equated with opposition to national liberation struggles. As he told the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City: "The U.S. should support liberation movements everywhere. The case in point is now Namibia. We pressed our friends in Washington to put more pressure on South Africa to comply with the United Nations resolution [calling for South Africa to grant independence to Namibia], and we expect a prompt response."

Another top priority for Reagan this fall will be formulating a policy on arms-control talks with the Soviets. Last week he reiterated his view that the SALT process was flawed because it has not helped bring about a genuine reduction in strategic weapons. Said he: "I don't want to talk about arms limitation. I want to talk about arms reduction. And I think, until we do, it's ridiculous." The Administration is committed so far only to resuming talks with the Soviets about controlling nuclear weapons based in Europe.

Reagan last week introduced a major new factor into any future arms-control talks: he decided to proceed with construction of the enhanced radiation warhead, commonly known as the neutron bomb. President Carter deferred production of the weapon in 1978 but allowed development of its components. On Friday, the U.S. began informing its NATO allies of his decision and pledging that the weapons will not be deployed in Europe without allied approval. But one Administration official noted: "Of course the Europeans are going to wonder when the other shoe is going to drop." The neutron bomb, which kills humans but does not cause major destruction of property, is designed as a tactical weapon for battleground use

The President also faces decisions about other future U.S. defense systems, such as the MX missile and the advanced strategic bomber. Because opposition to a land-based MX system remains strong among officials in Utah and Nevada, where it would be located, an alternative scheme to place the missiles on air-transport planes remains very much alive. Reagan is scheduled to make an announcement on MX basing soon after his Sept. 3 return to Washington.

Also awaiting the return of Reagan and the Congress in September is a passel of potentially explosive domestic issues. Among them:

The Clean Air Act. Environmental Protection Agency Chief Anne Gorsuch last week outlined changes the Administration wants to make in the 1970 law. Next year's automobile emission standards for some pollutants would be rolled back to limits in effect in 1977. The rule designed to prevent significant deterioration of current air quality would be relaxed so that industries could expand in areas where pollution is now below the national maximum. And new coal plants would face less stringent sulfur-emission requirements.

Gorsuch claimed that the nation's air quality would continue to improve, but "at a more reasoned pace." Environmentalists immediately assailed the plan. Said Richard Ayres, chairman of the National Clean Air Coalition: "This is a sugar-coated prescription for dirty, unhealthy air." Reagan defended his environmental policies and those of beleaguered Interior Secretary James Watt last week, branding critics "environmental extremists." Said he: "What Watt's trying to do is a little bit like getting a mule's attention—you hit him in the forehead with a two-by-four first."

Social Security. This issue has thus far caused Reagan more political headaches than any other. And he has yet to begin to get to the heart of the problem. Last week he tried again to contain the popular damage caused by his elimination of the $112-a-month minimum benefit, which goes to workers who have not contributed enough to become entitled to regular payments. He promised to propose special welfare supplements, which would not come from the Social Security fund, to help the "truly needy" whose benefits were cut. But looming even larger is the fact that the financial base of the fund seems headed for bankruptcy in a year if nothing more is done. Reagan will have to press for a bipartisan solution to minimize—or at least equally distribute—the political fallout from any changes.

DIRCK HALSTEAD

After the fanfare, Sadat brings up the Palestinians
Hoping to focus U.S. attention on the Middle East.

The Voting Rights Act. Reagan says he expects to support a full extension of this important civil rights law with only minor modifications. Some Southerners had urged that a provision of the law that forces Deep South states to obtain Justice Department approval for any change in election laws be applied nationwide. Reagan originally supported the idea, but says he is now convinced it would make the law too cumbersome to enforce

Education. Reagan has promised to abolish this year-old Cabinet department, and last week its Secretary, Terrel Bell, suggested that the deed be done by transferring the programs to a new Government foundation, similar to the National Science Foundation. Bell prefers this approach over the option of returning the Education Department to the Department of Health and Human Services in the form of the old HEW.

Crime. The White House feels that new laws to fight violent crime are both necessary and politically popular. One sure aspect of the package Reagan plans to offer: an attack on the drug problem through both tougher enforcement and new narcotics information projects. Interestingly, the crime package might also contain provisions to promote higher employment among urban youths through tax breaks for inner-city enterprises.

Social Issues. The greatest controversies of all may come from a potpourri of conservative concerns sacred to Reagan's New Right supporters if not necessarily to the President, which include abortion, school prayer and busing. Already introduced in Congress are a Human Life Bill, which would protect the rights of the un-

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Jay Van Pickerill

Jay Van Pickerill, President, Van Pickerill & Sons, Inc., Springfield, Illinois

TIME Magazine recently honored eight distinguished wine and spirits wholesalers at the 1981 Wine and Spirits Wholesalers of America, Inc. (WSWA) Convention.

One of these businessmen is Jan Van Pickerill from Springfield, Illinois. He was honored for his outstanding business performance as a wholesaler and as a valued citizen through service to his community.

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born from the moment of conception, and a Family Protection Act, which seeks to reinforce "traditional" moral values by giving parents more control over such things as sex education. Reagan and his advisers indicate that they will support but not take the lead in fighting for this type of legislation.

As Reagan noted, the nation has not heard the last of economics. In order to fulfill his promise to balance the budget by 1984, the President will have to make even sharper spending cuts. By Administration estimates, which many private economists feel are too rosy, almost $30 billion more in reductions will be needed for 1983. Even the Defense Department has been instructed to prepare a list of possible cuts. Says Meese: "No program is immune." Despite the public outcry, the presidential counsellor claims "the cuts so far have been relatively minimal, not by any means draconian."

Even staying within the 1982 limits will require constant scrutiny to assure that forthcoming House appropriations bills do not exceed the budget ceilings first set. Already, appropriations bills are coming in over target. Says Office of Management and Budget Spokesman Edwin Dale: "We still have a big struggle left this year."

In pursuing his economic program, Reagan demonstrated an impressive ability to keep public attention—and his own—fixed on a single subject. Act II will be harder to choreograph. Says one close adviser: "As an outgrowth of the election, it was possible to keep the focus unblurred and put other issues on the back burner. Now, there will be more balls in the air." Reagan's congressional coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats may not hold together on many future issues. For that reason, Reagan plans to maintain a lower profile in coming months. Explains one aide: "We can't keep spending the President's good will on every issue that comes up." Instead of leading the charge, he may be more reactive, allowing others in the Administration, or his supporters in Congress and the New Right, to step into the spotlight—if events permit.

Reagan may find that he is a tough act to follow. With clearly defined goals, broad support and his own timetable, he constructed a coalition that enacted his economic plan. The next tests will come on problems—foreign policy, defense, the environment, social issues—where the goals are harder to define, the timing can be determined by others and the players are even more intractable than the Democrats on Capitol Hill. Any half-decent playwright can turn out a good first act. After that, the characters and the events often have a way of getting out of hand. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Lights, Camera, Decisive Action

The allure, and the power, of men of action has been the theme of history from Cicero to Cronkite. That theme is just as intriguing this August, as Ronald Reagan starts his California vacation leaving behind him a capital and a Government still quivering from eight months of his unique residence.

"The great end of life is not knowledge but action," wrote British Philosopher Thomas Huxley. There may not be a better summation of the 40th President, who slights the former but excels in the latter. The rightness of Reagan and almost everything he has done is yet to be proved. But his presence is established, the force of his person for good or ill is now a fact of Washington life admitted by friend and foe. For him the presidency works remarkably well.

Reagan has broken a deadly spell that gripped the city for years, a condition described well by one bureaucrat as "the endless art of admiring the problems." The entrenched Government had become fearful of action, always alarmed by the thought of alienating supporters and by the possibility of failure. Reagan has so far not been intimidated by these specters. He was clearly not troubled by them last week, when he emerged from the Oval Office, strode grim-faced to the microphones in the Rose Garden and confronted the striking air controllers with an intensity not seen around those premises since the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. There was a certain grave exhilaration in the moment for Reagan and his men. Seeking an end to the crisis, yes, but not another negotiation or study. Reagan seemed Trumanesque in his angry simplicity. History will judge his wisdom. But all his energy, and that of his Government, was gathered around him for a single purpose.

Washington is pondering these portents for the next phase of the Reagan presidency. "Reagan is an agent of change," insists Congressman Barber Conable of New York. "But he does not much like tinkering with the moving parts." Indeed, without that hard core of aides and Cabinet officers who surround him, Reagan would be helpless. But he must know that, because the Meeses and Bakers and Deavers and Stockmans and Gergens and Regans and Weinbergers are in place and in tune. The structure and function of this group are the bane of scholars who wrote that such personal Government would not work. It works for Reagan, who in meeting after meeting serves no other purpose than to push his reluctant Government to act.

Reagan's belief in what he is doing is real, and that faith spread to his people, says Counsellor Edwin Meese. Now, says Staff Director David Gergen, that belief has been forged into pride, as the Administration has succeeded with its initiatives. The process has not been smooth or faultless by a long shot. The Communist threat to El Salvador was overstated. The idea of cutting back Social Security benefits was premature and ill-considered. The immigration program consumed five Cabinet meetings with debate and bickering. But even skeptical aides see that Reagan never turned away from his demands for decisions and his insistence on action. When talk sprang up about compromise on budget cuts, he said no. When he was offered an enticing alternative to his tax plan, he redoubled his efforts for the original measure.

History shows that the Churchills, the Roosevelts, the Hitlers and the Stalins made almost as many mistakes as correct decisions in their designs, both good and evil. The call to action swept their people along. The polls show grave doubts among the American people about where Ronald Reagan is taking us. That uncertainty was expressed colorfully by Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker when he described Reaganomics as a "riverboat gamble." But there is an irresistible appeal to fall in behind a man when he promises adventure, even when one may not agree with him. Tennyson said it well. "I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair."

Muffie Brandon with her seating chart, and with Nancy Reagan and Press Aide Sheila Tate; awaiting the Sadats' arrival

The preparty bustle: Chef Haller in his kitchen; Dottie Temple primps her flowers; the hands of Calligrapher John Scarfone

They Could Have Danced All Night

A state dinner for Sadat mixes politics and peach mousse

Historians of presidential dress and eating habits take note: Anwar Sadat has an aversion to shellfish and dinner jackets. Marginalia in the great sweep of international affairs, of course, but such items were priorities for the White House staff as it planned last week's double date for Anwar, Jihan, Ronnie and Nancy. It was the first state dinner in the Reagan Administration at which men wore business suits instead of black tie. Not a shrimp or crab claw was to be seen. But the Reagans' high style was very much in evidence, reinforcing their reputation as the best partygivers at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue since the Kennedys

Muffie Brandon, the tall, elegant social secretary, seeks to give each formal dinner "a personality and an ethos of its own." Serious preparations begin at least six weeks in advance. The guest list, which Nancy Reagan has decreed must be kept to no more than 100 to encourage an atmosphere of comfortable intimacy, should be balanced as delicately as a political ticket in Chicago. It is a mix of officials from the two governments, members of Congress, business and cultural eminences, a couple of journalists, one or two party contributors, some personal friends of the Reagans. Says Brandon: "There is usually some tough negotiating."

With just a day to go before the Sadat dinner, some problems arise. The air-traffic controllers' strike bids to keep a few guests away: Actor Omar Sharif, who would contribute to an Egyptian "ethos," has decided not to fly in from London, and Senator Ted Stevens is staying put in Alaska. There is some question about the roses, which are to arrive by air from New York. But the yellow, white and salmon hybrids make it. Down in the basement, the White House floral director, Dottie Temple, supervises the arrangement of 768 roses in table settings

Near by, other amiable smells emanate from the domain of Henry Haller, the White House chef since 1966. The strike has not affected his operation because the dressed birds for the dinner's main course—suprême of royal squab Véronique—were flown in several days earlier from New York. The choice of squab, to come between cold salmon and an intimidatingly rich dessert of fresh peach mousse cardinal, was a late decision by Nancy Reagan. The original selection had been duckling with glazed apples, but she felt that there had been too many canards in the White House lately

On the big day, the gremlins are still at work. One of Sadat's daughters, Mrs Mahmud Osman, is taken ill. Brandon, in the calligrapher's office, rearranges the seating plan. Shortly after 7 p.m. the arrivals commence at the White House diplomatic entrance on the south side. Either Brandon or her assistant is there to greet them when they enter the mansion A harpist and flutist play pastoral music

Photographs for TIME by Dennis Brack—Black Star

Reagan offers a toast to his guests; Jihan Sadat stands to his right

The Presidents, each with the other's First Lady, glide toward the State Dining Room

The Reagans two-step to a Marine Corps dance band tune

while a military aide announces each guest to the press pool. Actors Robert Stack and Roger Moore stir the cameras and pencils

The mansion's State Floor begins to fill up. With the Marine Band providing background music in the foyer, security men, photographers and military escorts do their duty. Guests in the nearby East Room are offered drinks as they wait in line to be greeted by the Reagans and the Sadats. Muffie Brandon and Peter McCoy, the First Lady's chief of staff, spot trouble in the form of 20 Egyptian security men whose presence was unexpected. They loiter in the lobby, polluting the ethos. McCoy motions the bodyguards into the Blue Room and a few moments later closes the oak doors of the room with a decisive flourish

After passing through the receiving line, guests proceed to the State Dining Room on the west side, where candlelight and waiters in formal dress await them. Brandon inspects the main arena periodically. "There is good conversation going," she reports happily. "If they're looking across the tables rather than at their partners, I worry."

As the guests finish their mousse, diplomatic business intrudes: it is time for the official toasts. From concealed doors in the paneling, bright lights snap on as television cameras, still photographers and a few reporters enter. The journalists are as surprised as Reagan when Sadat makes a punch line in public of what he has been saying in private talks that the U.S. should change policy by dealing with the Palestine Liberation Organization

Afterward, everyone moves into three sitting rooms—the Red, Blue and Green Chambers—for coffee and liqueurs. This is mix-and-mingle time, with clusters forming around the principals and other notables, including Henry Kissinger and Alexander Haig. Serious conversation is frowned upon in this setting. Besides, it is after 10 p.m., time for the pianists Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale to perform in the East Room. One of their selections is Debussy's *Pour l'Egyptienne*, which Sadat greets with an appreciative grin. Farther down the first row of gilt chairs, in his customary spot, is Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger. As usual, he dozes off during the concert

The Commander in Chief, however, is wide awake. The end of the formal entertainment is the cue for the visitors' departure, and the Egyptian delegation soon leaves. A dance band is now in place in the foyer. The Reagans do a sprightly two-step to *How About You?* and others join them. Waiters bring out champagne and small pastries to sustain the group

Brandon remains at her post surveying the scene. The glitches have left her unfazed. "They happen all the time," she says. "You just watch Nancy Reagan move calmly through mild chaos. She's a model for us all." At that point, Nancy is trying to move Ronnie out for the night; it is 11:15, after all. But the President is clearly enjoying a conversation with Robert Stack. For this 70-year-old Chief of State, the night is still young, and he leaves very reluctantly. —*By Laurence I. Barrett/Washington*

The Burden of Shame

At last, amends for World War II internment camps?

"When I heard rumors that all Japanese would be interned, I couldn't believe it. I kept saying that I was a loyal American citizen and that it just couldn't happen in a democracy."
—Testimony of Mabel Ota

It did happen. In the months after Pearl Harbor, more than 110,000 "persons of Japanese ancestry" (those with 1/16th Japanese blood or more) were forcibly relocated from the West Coast to inland internment camps in desolate areas of Wyoming, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Arizona. Most were allowed to bring only what they could carry, they were herded into "assembly centers" at fairgrounds and race tracks stinking of manure and animals. Finally, they were transported to ten barely habitable camps for the duration of World War II. Mabel Ota, now 64, was sent to Poston, Ariz. She would, after the war, become the first Asian school principal in Los Angeles, but would spend her life believing that the camp's poor diet and worse medical care caused her father's death, and her daughter to be brain-damaged at birth.

Dr. Mary Oda, 61, now a San Fernando physician, was torn away from her first year at medical school. In the Manzanar, Calif., camp, dust whirled through gaps in the floor boards; nine people shared one cramped room, sleeping on bags filled with straw. Her family lost their farm, their equipment and one another. "We became separated during the evacuation and we never lived together as a family again."

January 1943: internment camp at Heart Mountain, Wyo.
Outside their bleak barracks, students pledge allegiance to the flag.

American citizens. One-third were resident aliens born in Japan and therefore, under the law of the time, ineligible for citizenship. No act of espionage or sabotage was attributed to a Japanese American during World War II. They were summarily imprisoned and their constitutional rights suspended solely because of their race. One thousand Aleut Indians were also interned, simply because of their "proximity to a war zone."

Now, nearly 40 years later, the process of understanding what happened and making reparations has begun. The Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, created last year by Congress, is holding a summer-long series of public hearings. Last week in Los Angeles, the audience listened with hushed respect to stories almost too painful to remember, but too important to forget.

The spring of 1942. They had little notice, perhaps a week. Given numbers and during the war, some of them drafted right out of the camps.)

After the war, many of the detainees found they had lost everything. Clarence Nishizu left his farm in the care of a "neighbor friend"; the friend kept the profits and bought the land. "I had no place to go—I received nothing. Finally I found a house in San Fernando, where I went into gardening." Of the total property loss to the internees, estimated to be $400 million in 1942 dollars, the U.S. Government eventually repaid $38.5 million.

Terrible ironies haunt the history. Fourth of July celebrations were bravely held behind barbed wire, in the shadow of sentry towers. Parents wasting away in tar-paper camp shacks proudly displayed starred banners indicating that their sons were American soldiers. Nisei (second generation Japanese Americans) members of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, which fought gloriously in Europe, were sometimes required to have Caucasian escorts when they visited their interned families. (About 33,000 Japanese Americans served in the U.S. military

There are explanations, all of them ugly. Economic greed. Racism. Wartime hysteria. Americans of German or Italian ancestry did not suffer mass incarceration, but the shock of Pearl Harbor inflamed the century-old hatred of Oriental immigrants—the "yellow peril." The public, President Franklin Roosevelt, even the Supreme Court, rushed to trample Japanese Americans' claim on the Bill of Rights.

But explanations are not excuses. One major question facing the nine-member commission is: What can be done to compensate the victims? Japanese-American groups are recommending financial restitution. Suggestions range from individual payments of $25,000, to money for scholarships and communities. The idea of repayment is controversial, even to some Japanese Americans. Testifying last week, California Senator S.I. Hayakawa, who was born in Canada and spent the war years in Chicago, said demands for monetary reimbursement are "absolutely disgusting" and "not Japanese." But some commissioners clearly favor reparation. Judge William M. Marutani, a commission member from Philadelphia, put it bluntly to Hayakawa: "The Bill of Rights, as you will recall, provides that ... citizens can petition the government for redress of grievances... We understand, sir, do we not, that we are in an American society where any redress of grievances is customarily by some monetary means?"

The commission's final report is due next year. Along with specific recommendations on how to make amends, the commission will address a larger, more important issue: making sure that due process is not stampeded again. Exclusion from the law causes deep and lasting personal harm. Many of the Japanese-American internees were able to speak of their pain and bitterness only at the prompting of their children, who were raised during the decades when the civil rights movements vastly enlarged our understanding of democracy. Poignantly, Dr. Oda explained why it had taken so long: "I did not want my children to feel the burden of shame and feelings of rejection by their fellow Americans. I wanted them to feel that in spite of what was done to us, this was still the best place in the world to live." —*By Jane O'Reilly. Reported by David S. Jackson/Washington and Jeff Melvoin/Los Angeles*

The Last Days Of Dr. Runkle

Horses, love and death

It was as if Novelist Dick Francis had begun a new race-track murder mystery and then abandoned it as hopeless after one chapter. But the case is sadly real. About the strange death of Dr. Janice Runkle—a race-horse veterinarian who ministered to Pleasant Colony, the winner of this year's Kentucky Derby and Preakness—hardly more than one fact is totally clear: her body was discovered on a bleak stretch of Lake Michigan shoreline in Illinois. The rest is a troubling bundle of loose ends. There are unrequited loves and an assumed name, a quest for comfort and sudden flight, enigmatic letters and a lethal dose of drugs. There is a quixotic gumshoe with a black eye-patch and beard. He was hired by the victim's uncomprehending family and insists Janice Runkle was murdered. Says her sister Christine Runkle Casselman: "We feel that she might have found out something she wasn't supposed to know."

The evidence points much more to suicide than to foul play. It suggests that the earnest young horse doctor was distraught over an affair and went off alone to die. The Lake County, Ill., coroner found that Runkle, 28, died from an overdose of pentobarbital, a drug used in veterinary medicine as a sedative, probably swallowed in liquid form. There were no signs that it was administered forcibly. Says Lake County Chief of Detectives Frank Winans: "She voluntarily took either an accidental or deliberate overdose."

Raised in suburban Detroit, Runkle never abandoned the standard schoolgirl passion for horses. She took her veterinary degree at Michigan State University in 1976, and found a job with Dr. Mark Gerard, a noted race-horse vet in New York. When Gerard was convicted of substituting a champion horse for a nag in a 1977 race, Runkle was untainted, and picked up some of his erstwhile clients. She worked long hours and built a respectable practice, caring for the horses of prominent trainers

Runkle also dated a couple of her clients. Her most serious friendship apparently had been with Johnny ("Fat Man") Campo, Pleasant Colony's trainer since March. They were vivid proof that opposites attract. Campo, 43, is a bombastic, street-wise man who rose to prominence by turning cheap horses into winners. Runkle was a slight, shy, sweetly bookish young woman given to quoting Hermann Hesse and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

Johnny ("Fat Man") Campo

Just before her death, Runkle described their relationship in a letter she sent to *Newsweek* Columnist Pete Axthelm: "Johnny and I do love each other in our own, twisted ways." But Campo, married and the father of two sons, denies any intimacy. "We were close, sure," he told a reporter. "But I never touched her. Our relationship was one of employer and employee. I made her what she was. She would have been nothing without me."

Janice Runkle and Pleasant Colony on the day before his Preakness triumph

"No one can understand what a lonely place this world is for me."

Runkle's lurching, furtive journey to her death may have started on Saturday, July 25. That night she dined at a Manhattan steak house with Axthelm, whom she had been seeing occasionally since the Kentucky Derby in May. After dinner, Runkle returned to her office at Belmont Park Race Track, just outside New York City and not far from where she lived. She later wrote Axthelm: "We never really loved each other." According to her letter, Runkle called Campo later that night; he flew down from upstate Saratoga Springs, then returned with Runkle to Saratoga the next day. A day later, Monday, Campo had an early dinner with Runkle and then drove her to the airport, where he bought her a one-way ticket to New York City.

Instead of boarding the flight home, Runkle, using the name M. Clark, paid $204 in cash for a one-way fare to Chicago. Still using her assumed name, she registered at the O'Hare Airport Hilton Hotel and paid cash for her room. She browsed the lobby later that night—and was never seen alive again

By Wednesday her family was anxious, and her sister Dianne Ramirez launched a search. In Janice's Volvo, parked at Belmont, Ramirez found a bank statement with a five-figure balance and a note bequeathing the money to Piggy Bank, her riding horse.

On Wednesday evening a call came from the Illinois Beach State Park, 30 miles north of Chicago: a packet of Janice's ID cards had been found in a trash can. The next morning, Axthelm received the rueful letter, 13 pages handwritten by Runkle on the flight to O'Hare. In it she recounted her last, stormy hours with Campo. "The first two hours he spent threatening to kill both of us," she wrote. "Funny part is, a couple of years ago, I went out with someone he knew and he hardly batted an eye, though we were even closer then than we are now." Another line explained her feelings of alienation: "No one can understand what a lonely place this world is for me."

On Saturday night Runkle's body was discovered by a family of Lake Michigan boaters on a beach miles from the closest road. In her pockets were $3.60, a list of clothing and her hotel room key. Her family retained a New York City law firm and the private investigator to look into the matter. The Runkles also commissioned their own forensic study. Said Janice's father Robert Runkle: "As far as we are concerned, the speculations about her state of mind are strictly a smokescreen. Her being depressed just doesn't make sense." Runkle's funeral was Thursday. Campo did not attend. Said he: "I'll send her a bunch of flowers."

Janice Runkle might have appreciated the mysteries surrounding her death. She was a writer herself, the author of a children's book *(Piggy Bank and the Magic Peppermint Penny)* scheduled for publication this winter. She yearned to create one character "people will remember," to make her ultimate mark as a writer of fiction. "Nobody," she said not long ago, "is going to remember a vet at Belmont Park."

—By Kurt Andersen.
Reported by Lyn Delliquadri/Chicago and James Wilde/New York

POLAND

"We Have Come to Win"

So vowed Solidarity's Walesa last week as the food crisis worsened

As it built up slowly, purposefully, the demonstration threatened to become the violent clash that Poland had been dreading—and miraculously avoiding—through a precarious year of labor unrest and political change. About 100 trucks, buses and taxis wound their way through downtown Warsaw early last week. The vehicles in the convoy were draped with red and white national flags and banners proclaiming A HUNGRY NATION CAN EAT ITS BOSSES and GIVE US BREAD. Then, suddenly, traffic policemen halted the lead drivers as they approached the Communist Party's gray stone headquarters on Jerozolimskie Avenue.

Refusing to take an alternate route, the defiant drivers left their vehicles in the street. About three dozen police reinforcements and several antiriot trucks arrived to cordon off the forbidden zone. The resulting traffic jam blocked one of the capital's busiest intersections and set the scene for a two-day standoff that turned into the largest political rally since the country's unprecedented liberalization process began last summer.

It came at an ominous time. The long-awaited party congress had ended without drafting a plan for economic recovery. Strikes were erupting across the country in response to the government's decision last month to raise food prices by over 300% and cut meat rations by 20%. The Soviet press was rumbling again about the dangerous unrest in Poland. And Party Boss Stanislaw Kania was reported to be packing his bags for a possible meeting with Leonid Brezhnev at the Soviet President's Crimean resort. At week's end, the government declared it would not pay workers who had struck, and the trade union Solidarity called for a temporary halt to the protests until its leaders could assess the situation.

When the standoff began in downtown Warsaw, anger started to surge in the crowd. Shouted one militant through a loudspeaker: "We face the threat of bloodshed on the streets." But then, as thousands of workers, housewives, students and children gathered to cheer on the demonstrators, the scene changed unpredictably and took on a carnival-like atmosphere, resembling a California "happening" of the 1960s more than a dangerous political confrontation in one of the Communist world's major capitals.

Supporters brought flowers, bread and drinks to the drivers, some of whom took off their shirts to bask in the August sun. Organizers from the Solidarity labor union handed out leaflets, and comedians entertained the growing crowd. Using a sound system borrowed from a jazz club, Solidarity leaders turned a flatbed truck into an impromptu stage, from which they denounced the government's failure to remedy the food situation.

The crowd held its ground for 50 hours until, as planned, a two-hour strike staged by hundreds of thousands of people closed virtually every office and workshop in the

With surprising good humor, the crowds protested the shortages in the grocery stores, but the Soviet press was warning darkly about "extremists."

Signs of protest: roses and a leaflet grace a windshield; Walesa exhorts the crowd; demonstrators wave flowers from a bus window

city, with the exception of essential services. Before the trucks and buses finally dispersed to the roar of blaring horns and sirens, Solidarity Spokesman Janusz Onyszkiewicz issued a final taunt to the government: "Those who are afraid of their nation should stay locked up and not disturb us any more."

Although the demonstration in the streets of Warsaw ended peacefully, Poland lurched more deeply into trouble last week. Strikes protesting food shortages took place in at least half a dozen cities. Potentially the most damaging action came on Friday, when about 1 million workers put down their tools for four hours in Silesia, the nation's industrial and coal-mining heartland. These protests may have vented some public anger, but they have also fed a climate of distrust and disorder that makes economic recovery more difficult and leads the Soviets to hint darkly about intervening.

Breaking a long silence on Poland's economic crisis, the Soviet party daily *Pravda* complained that "the extremists who have entrenched themselves in Solidarity are pushing the country into an abyss." More ominously, the Soviet news agency TASS quoted an article from a Polish army newspaper warning that "those who believe there will be no struggle for socialism make a great mistake." Meanwhile, a large Soviet armada, gathered in the Baltic to carry out amphibious exercises in the vicinity of Poland—a stark reminder of Moscow's potential for military intervention.

As Polish authorities struggled to convince a skeptical public that they were not holding back "secret" food supplies, Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski appointed a special "anticrisis" task force to run the sputtering economy. This Cabinet-level committee will have complete authority —on paper, at least—over production, supply and distribution of both domestic consumer goods and exports. In addition, it will control the allocation of raw materials, energy, investments and labor.

But this latest attempt to impose order on Poland's chaotic economy was met with skepticism by Solidarity leaders. Tired of what it considers official foot dragging, Solidarity has produced its own set of demands for setting the economy straight. Among them: union participation in overseeing the food supply, the restoration of meat rations to their previous levels, and a government pledge to secure full public approval for any price hikes.

Seeking to contain the volatile situation, Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Rakowski met twice with Solidarity officials. But the talks broke down at week's end, with the government accusing Solidarity of "an unprecedented show of arrogance" and vowing it would not "succumb to a dictatorship." In fact, the government, saddled with a $27 billion foreign debt, had little ground left to give, and the union's conciliatory approach seemed to be yielding to a growing militancy. "We have come to win," boasted Solidarity's Lech Walesa. He later added, "We are masters of the situation and will be for a long time yet."

Such truculent language, coming from a moderate like Walesa, was serious evidence of how bad the situation had become. Not since the first days after World War II, in fact, had the Polish people faced such hardships in their daily lives. While no one was starving, Poles had become prisoners of the maddening regimen of queues, ration coupons and empty shelves. "I couldn't find any products essential for a normal life," complained a woman from Opole, one of thousands of Poles who have emigrated to Western Europe for economic reasons during the past few months. "It is not just food. We had only a pound of detergent for three months."

In an effort to ease the crisis, the French government last week announced plans to send 322,000 tons of food supplies. Premier Pierre Mauroy said that France would put "pressure" on the allies to provide Poland with an additional $500 million in emergency aid.

But no amount of outside assistance will help Poland overcome its present difficulties without decisive action from the government in Warsaw. It has temporized for nearly a year, agreeing to practically all the reforms that Solidarity has demanded without actually putting many of them into practice. What is called for now is no less than a complete overhaul of the country's economic structure. And that, as a Solidarity declaration pointed out last week, requires "essential changes in the centralized bureaucratic system."

Factions within the top leadership of both the government and Solidarity were urging each side to take tougher action against the other last week. Poland's food crisis—along with the demonstrations, the strikes and the threat of violence —did not disappear when the final driver climbed into the cab of his truck in the center of Warsaw and pulled away. *—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Richard Hornik/Bonn*

and union and government leaders were digging in

Chrysler Cordoba Corinthian Edition

The Chrysler Cordoba. So finely engineered it was rated superior to Oldsmobile Cutlass in overall quality of ride, styling, fits and finishes.

In an independent test, 50 mid-specialty car owners compared the 1981 Chrysler Cordoba to the 1981 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. They compared each car 39 different ways from the quality of their paint jobs to the quality of their seat seams. From the way they felt on the road to the way they looked standing still. Out of the 39 categories, Cordoba beat Cutlass 34 times.* Here are some reasons why.

Isolated transverse torsion-bars and a series of rubber isolator cushions give Cordoba its smooth ride.

When Cordoba and Cutlass were compared for riding qualities, the categories used for evaluation were: smoothness, steadiness, quietness, seating comfort, and overall riding comfort. Incredibly, Cordoba beat Cutlass in all five categories.

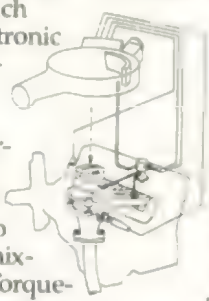
Cordoba's smoother, steadier ride comes from its isolated transverse torsion-bars. Chrome alloy torsion-bars are mounted to the front-wheel control arms and to the car structure, so they provide springing action by twisting.

A torsion-bar twists and untwists as wheels ride over bumps. This way the torsion-bar cushions road shocks before they are transmitted to the car body.

Cordoba is a quiet car because Chrysler engineering utilized computer-designed, thick, rubber cushions and put them where suspension components meet the car's body to reduce road noise and harshness before they reach Cordoba's interior.

A silky smooth 5.2 liter V8 engine and amazing Torqueflite automatic transmission. Both helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in pick-up and smoothness.**

Among the categories in evaluating Cordoba and Cutlass were pick-up and smoothness. Categories Cordoba won handily. Cordoba's classic 5.2 liter V8 engine makes it responsive, easy to maintain, but most importantly, an engine with an EPA rating of 17 est. mpg, 26 est. hwy.† Designed into each engine is an electronic fuel control computer that processes signals from seven different sensors and instantly adjusts your air-fuel ratio to an optimum mixture. Cordoba's Torqueflite automatic transmission means better fuel economy because at highway speeds the torque converter locks in place. With the converter locked the engine runs slower to maintain the car's speed so less fuel is used.



Chrysler's painstaking attention to detail helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in quality of fits and finishes.

During the evaluation between Cordoba and Cutlass for styling, conveniences, and quality of fits and finishes, Cordoba was picked first in 25 out of 27 categories. For example, Cordoba's front, side, and rear styling was rated superior. Cordoba's doors, exterior chrome, and moldings were picked as fitting better, for being straighter, and for having no gaps. Its hood, doors, and trunk were judged to fit better because their seams were straighter and more even.

So thorough is Chrysler's attention to quality of styling, fits and finishes and convenience, Cordoba was selected by 34 out of the 50 judges as having superior quality overall. The 1981 Chrysler Cordoba, a car you will judge superior in overall quality.

The Corinthian comes with the following standard features: automatic torqueflite transmission, power steering, front power disc brakes, white side-wall steel belted radial tires, inside hood release, padded Landau vinyl roof, electronic ignition system, engine coolant reserve system, AM radio, front and rear bumper guards, dual chrome remote control mirrors, deep pile carpets, and wire wheel covers.

Cordoba LS prices start at $7,765.††

$7,765. That's what the sporty Cordoba costs and here's what's standard on the Cordoba LS. A 3.7 liter 6-cylinder engine; automatic transmission, power steering, front power disc brakes, tinted glass, and many other standard features that usually are available only as options.

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*Results reported are based on responses preferring Cordoba over Cutlass 27 out of 50 to 46 out of 50 participants depending on the category. **Optional at extra cost. †Use EPA est MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. Calif. ests. lower. ††Base sticker price of Cordoba LS (not shown) excluding taxes and destination charges. Optional Corinthian Edition Package shown not available on Cordoba LS.

ISRAEL

Saved by the Moral Minority

Helped by the tiny religious parties, Begin forms a government

"We did it," boasted Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin as he lifted a glass of wine in celebration. What he had finally accomplished, after three weeks of effort, was the completion of a new coalition government, composed of 48 members of his Likud bloc and 13 members of three small religious parties. The new government thus had a bare majority of 61 in Israel's 120-member parliament. Begin naturally tried to put the best possible face on his government's prospects, claiming that the precariousness of its position would serve to strengthen discipline within the ruling coalition. The real danger was that the government would prove to be too unsteady to grapple with the grave challenges Israel faces.

The Prime Minister, right, talking with Agudat Israel leaders after signing agreement

An argument that the precariousness of the government would strengthen discipline.

Israel is beset by devastating economic, political and military problems. Inflation is running at 120%; emigration still exceeds immigration. The country recently endured a fusillade of criticism over its bombing of civilian areas in Lebanon. Its leadership is deeply torn over how to come to terms with Israel's Arab neighbors. Yet these crucial matters scarcely figured in the negotiations between Begin and his partners: the National Religious Party, with six members of the Knesset; the ultraconservative Agudat Israel, with four; and the newly organized TAMI, with three. Last week the coalition released an agreement, a sort of party platform, containing 83 clauses. Most were concessions that the religious parties had extracted from Begin in return for their support.

For example, despite the economy's problems, the coalition pledged to enforce the observance of the Jewish Sabbath by port workers in the city of Haifa, where tourist-filled cruise ships often arrive on Saturdays; by employees of other government-run companies; and even by the national airline El Al, whose employees promptly threatened to strike if the pledge should be carried out. In addition, the coalition promised wage hikes for rabbis and increased aid for students in religious schools. More than that, it offered military exemptions to "newly observant" Jews who want to study Orthodox theology—an astonishing gesture in a nation where military service is of such historic and continuing importance.

In still another concession to the Agudat Israel, the coalition promised to amend the country's famous Law of Return, which specifies that any Jew is automatically eligible for Israeli citizenship. If the Agudat Israel has its way, the law would apply only to Jews who have been converted according to Orthodox law. Although few people would be affected, the change amounts to an attack on the validity of Reform and Conservative Judaism. As such, it would inevitably antagonize many Jews in the U.S. and elsewhere. Said Rabbi David Leiber, president of the University of Judaism in Los Angeles: "We believe in religious pluralism. We object to having a monolithic standard imposed on the Jews."

In the end, the religious parties, which received about 10% of the vote in the June elections, got five of the 22 portfolios in the new Cabinet. But Begin's most important appointment was his selection of General Ariel Sharon as his new Defense Minister. Sharon, who served as Agriculture Minister in the last government and was a zealous builder of new Jewish settlements in the occupied territories, has wanted the defense post ever since Ezer Weizman resigned last year. Instead, Begin kept the portfolio himself, quipping that if the aggressive Sharon were to become Defense Minister, he might "surround the Prime Minister's office with tanks." This time Begin relented.

Because it is so shaky, Begin's new government is expected to be even more ineffectual than the last. In one of his first declarations after forming a government, Begin called for an "undelayed resumption" of the Camp David process. This would include talks with Egypt, as urged last week by President Anwar Sadat, that are aimed at granting the Palestinians autonomy. But most U.S. and Arab officials doubt that Begin would risk toppling his government by trying to work out such an agreement. Surveying Begin's government, a senior official in the U.S. State Department noted the lack of moderates and said: "This is the most hawkish Israeli Cabinet in recent memory."

Discussing other foreign affairs, Begin last week said that he would recommend accepting any Reagan Administration proposal for a written alliance between the U.S. and Israel. Begin also called on the Soviet Union to resume diplomatic ties with Israel, but added that such an agreement would depend upon Moscow's allowing Jews in the Soviet Union to emigrate if they so desire.

Begin's government won its first vote of confidence in the Knesset last week, but already the frictions were beginning to appear. Housing Minister David Levy, a popular figure in the Likud, said that he would refuse to join the new Cabinet. He was angry because the new post of Minister of Immigrant Absorption had been pried from his control and given to somebody else as a political prize. Begin wooed him back by giving him the additional title of Deputy Prime Minister.

In the meantime, the man who had become Minister of Immigrant Absorption, Aharon Abuhatzeira, was facing charges of theft, fraud and violation of public trust, allegedly committed while he served as mayor of Ramle, near Tel Aviv, in the 1970s. Any of these relatively minor political difficulties within Begin's fragile coalition could be sufficient, in the end, to jolt him from power.

The Knesset session, raucous and bitter, lasted for almost 14 hours. Opposition Leader Shimon Peres charged that the coalition talks had been preoccupied with "payoffs for the religious parties and ministries for the power hungry." Begin, who was heckled repeatedly, said angrily of Peres, "The gentleman is a liar; the gentleman is a liar." Reviewing the proceedings, a ranking civil servant in Jerusalem predicted that the new Knesset would be "entertaining, but disgraceful." And from all signs, ineffectual. ■

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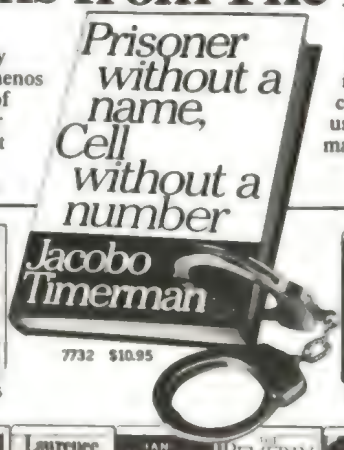
—Jacobo Timerman



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Terrorist Abu Daoud, after being shot by an unknown assailant in a Warsaw hotel

TERRORISM

Black September in August?

A deadly Palestinian attack force may be coming back to life

His plans had been made for weeks. Returning from his meeting with President Reagan in Washington, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat intended to visit Salzburg, one of his favorite cities. But suddenly last week, with no explanation, he canceled his trip. Four days before, a Palestinian guerrilla named Mohammed Daoud Mohammed Auda was shot while sitting in a Warsaw hotel café, but survived. The two incidents reflected the violent and convoluted world of the terrorist, where motives are often murky and alliances shift rapidly. Indeed, intelligence experts believe that the week may also have marked the reappearance, after seven years, of Black September, the notorious band of Palestinian terrorists whose attack on the Israeli team at the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich led to the deaths of eleven Israeli athletes.

The series of events that apparently influenced Sadat's decision not to go to Austria began two weeks ago when customs officials in Vienna stopped two Palestinians whose luggage was found to contain an arsenal of five automatic weapons and six hand grenades. Intelligence sources believe that the two were members of a reborn Black September, and that their probable aim was to assassinate Sadat. The Palestinian radicals have been at odds with him ever since he negotiated a peace treaty with Israel, and their goal is to keep the Israeli-Arab conflict alive in the hope that Israel will eventually be overpowered.

The Austrian government did not accuse the two men of an anti-Sadat plot. Instead, it charged them with "illegal import of war materials," staged a hasty trial in which one was found guilty and the other innocent, and prepared to expel them to Lebanon.

The possible revival of Black September was chilling news. P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat may or may not be directly involved; for that matter, it has never been established to what degree he was connected to the Black September organization in the past. Experts on terrorism believe that the leader of the revived group is Salah Khalaf, better known as Abu Iyad, the P.L.O.'s "Interior Minister" and, as it happens, one of Arafat's top aides. In September 1970, Abu Iyad first launched the Black September terrorist group as a result of bitter fighting that year between Palestinian fedayeen and Jordan's King Hussein, a conflict that had led to the P.L.O.'s expulsion from Jordan.

Last week another deadly melodrama was taking place in Warsaw. The central figure was Mohammed Daoud Mohammed Auda, 44, also known as Abu Daoud, who has been accused of participating in two of Black September's most famous operations: the Olympic attack and, in 1973, the murder of two U.S. diplomats in Khartoum. Abu Daoud was sitting at a table in the second-floor café of Warsaw's Victoria Inter-Continental Hotel last week when a young man suddenly appeared and hit him with five pistol shots. Abu Daoud was seriously wounded; the assailant escaped.

Who was behind the attack? Perhaps the Israelis, as Abu Daoud himself suggested. They certainly had motive enough. But Israeli intelligence officials insist that they would not undertake such a mission in a Communist-bloc country where infiltration and escape would be so difficult for the hit man. The attack could also have been the work of Abu Daoud's enemies within the Palestinian guerrilla movement, where motives are always obscure. Or, confounding all the experts, it could even have been, as Warsaw rumor had it, merely an affair of the heart. ■

IRAN

Canceled Flight

Stopping the French

Tumultuous mobs surged around the red brick walls of the French embassy in Tehran, demanding "death" for President François Mitterrand. Diplomats and businessmen and their families tried to get out, but as the first contingent of 61 arrived at Tehran's Mehrabad International Airport at 5:30 a.m. one day last week, a gang of Iranian militants blocked their way. Revolutionary authorities offered assurances that the evacuees would be released this week. But Ayatullah Ali Meshkini, one of his country's leading mullahs, warned that the incident could result in the French embassy being "taken over" and the French humiliated the same way that Iran had "rubbed America's nose in the dirt."

To Americans, the series of events stirred painful memories of the 444-day U.S. hostage ordeal. But to the French, the latest targets of "revolutionary" Islamic vengeance in Iran, last week's episode came as an unexpected and brutal shock. In Paris, Socialist President François Mitterrand canceled weekend plans and closeted himself for five hours with aides to discuss the crisis. Meanwhile, Foreign Ministry spokesmen at the Quai d'Orsay issued optimistic statements. Declared Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson: "There are no French 'hostages.' "

Ironically, no other industrialized country has tried as hard as France to stay on the good side of Iran's revolutionary regime. President Mitterrand was one of the few Western leaders to send congratulations to Iran after the July 24 election of Mohammed Ali Raja'i as the country's latest Islamic President. But France, the country that provided political asylum for four months to Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini and for years to some of his closest aides, two weeks ago gave haven to Raja'i's predecessor, the ousted Abolhassan Banisadr, and to one of the Iranian Islamic regime's most dangerous foes, Massoud Rajavi, head of the leftist guerrilla organization called the Mujahedin. Despite an agreement to refrain from political activity while in France, Banisadr has been issuing combative statements and preparing a government-in-exile.

The Iranian government has insisted that the French return Banisadr and Rajavi, a demand that the French, with their tradition of granting political asylum, will not accept. Last week Banisadr declared that he might go to Sweden or Austria to continue his anti-Khomeini campaign. Swedish officials quickly denied having any contact with the exiled politician. Sweden has nationals of its own in Iran. ■

In Washington, Iranian demonstrators briefly occupied an Iranian diplomatic office. During the melee, [illegible] protesters was shot in the back.

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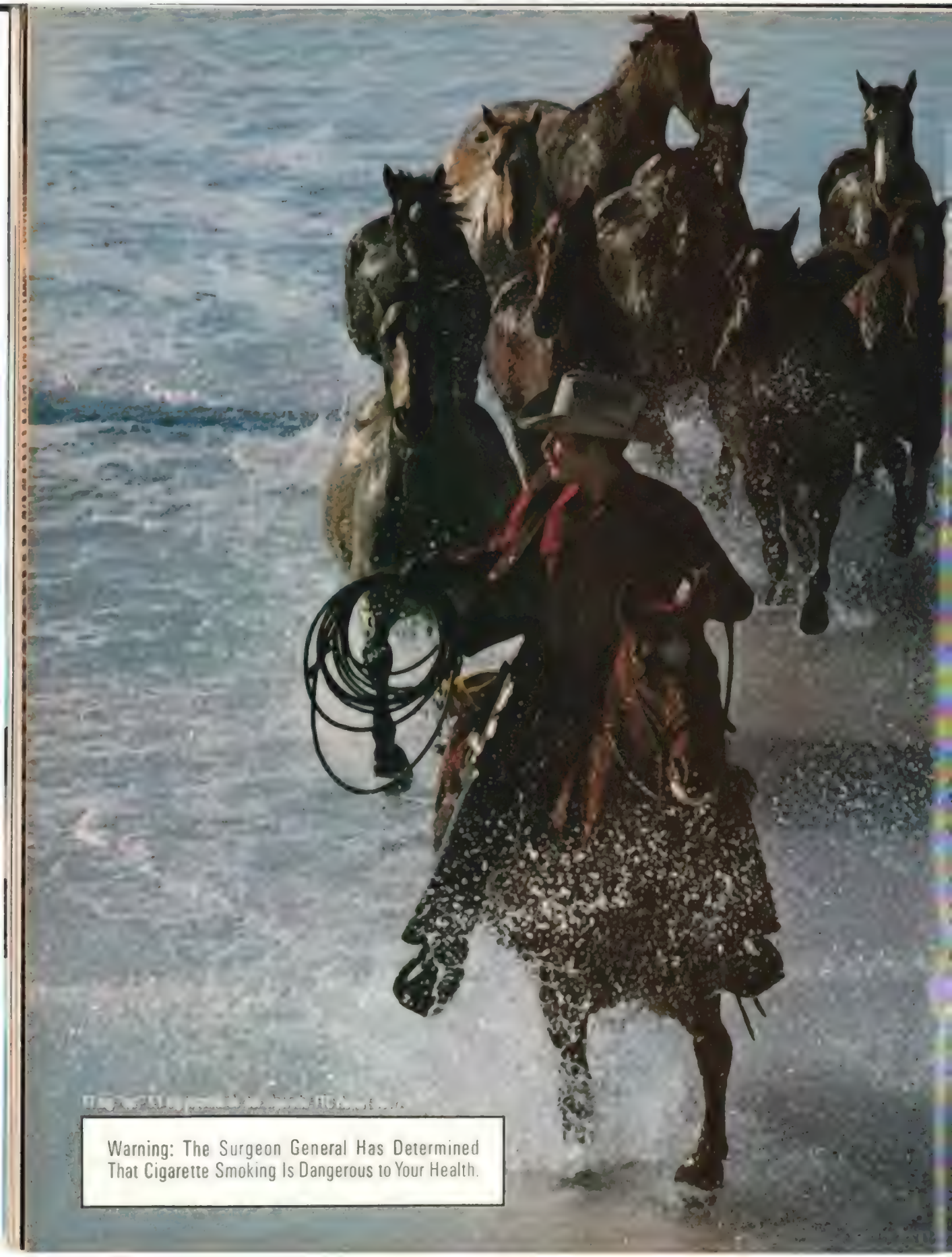
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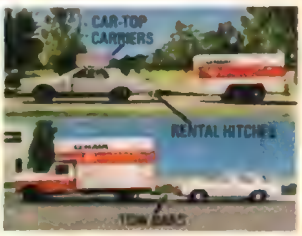

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FRANCE

Paris Lets Go

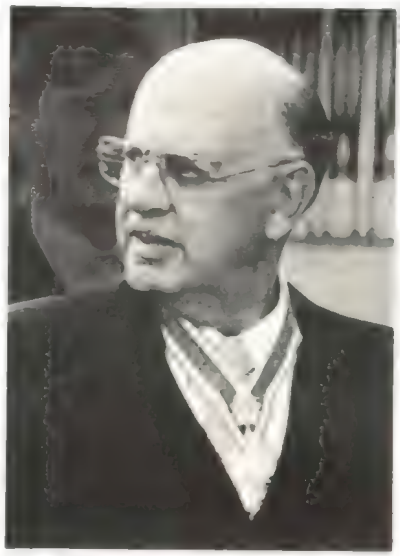
A new revolution

From the most remote Brittany fishing village to the tiniest French Alpine hamlet, no local matter is too minor to escape the attention of the Paris government. The Atlantic coastal town of Saint-Palais-sur-Mer wants to extend a street? It needs the signatures of the Minister of the Interior and the Premier before the asphalt can be poured. A poultry association in the small Vendée city of Challans wants to produce Christmas turkeys? It must satisfy the Ministry for Agriculture that its birds meet national standards. And so it has long been in France, the Western nation with the most centralized government. Last week, fulfilling a campaign promise, President François Mitterrand's Socialist parliamentary majority approved the first half of a package that will return to local governments powers that, in some cases, they have not enjoyed since the 12th century.

All industrialized democracies are grappling with the problem of big government, but nowhere is the concept better understood than in France. Since 1800 an elite corps of Paris-appointed prefects —referred to by Napoleon as his "little emperors"—has carried the Tricolor and the edicts of the central government into each of the country's 95 *départements*, or districts. Under Mitterrand's reform, municipal and departmental decisions will no longer have to be submitted to the prefect for approval. Indeed, each prefect will be replaced by a Commissioner of the Republic, who will be informed only after action on such matters as roads, sanitation and budgets has been taken. If he has any objections, he will have to petition an administrative or fiscal court that rules on the legality of local decisions. Paris will continue to set the nationwide patterns only in education and law enforcement. "This is more than a reform," said the pro-government daily *Le Monde*. "It is a revolution."

Most opposition members liked neither the manner in which Interior Minister Gaston Deferre rammed the bill through nor its contents. Warned Conservative Charles Millon: "The disorganization that it will provoke augurs a renaissance of local feudalism."

The new law leaves unresolved the politically sensitive issue of which financial resources will be shifted from Paris to local governments. This will be the subject of a second bill to be submitted to Parliament next year. But the first step was impressive enough. Said the liberal newspaper *Le Quotidien de Paris*: "We went to sleep in July in a Jacobin state more in the tradition of the monarchy than of the French Revolution. And *voilà*, we woke up in August in a decentralized country. What an adventure!" ■



Prime Minister in parliamentary garb

SOUTH AFRICA

Backing Off

Botha postpones racial reform

"What has happened to the Prime Minister? Where is that decisiveness and idealism he seemed to display one or two years ago? Why is he backpedaling on the undertakings he gave the people of South Africa?" While members of South Africa's ruling National Party shifted uncomfortably in their green leather seats, Colin Eglin of the opposition Progressive Federal Party last week sent his questions ringing across the chamber of Cape Town's Parliament. The angry counterattack from South African Prime Minister P.W. Botha: "I am not a weakling who tries to satisfy everybody. I have my own ideas and pattern for leading South Africa." Some of Botha's ministers have echoed similar pious themes.

Those ideas for moderating South Africa's rigidly segregationist policies of apartheid show every sign of being far weaker than Botha had once promised. Two years ago, Botha told his fellow Afrikaners they must "adapt or die" in confronting racial segregation. Using the same moralistic tones, he later declared: "I am more convinced than ever that there is only one course to follow: do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

But as the South African Parliament began its summer session last week, Botha backed off. He dismissed the possibility of letting non-whites vote. Indeed, he categorically rejected any role in national decision making by the country's 19.8 million blacks, who make up 71.5% of South Africa's population. He indicated that any change in the inferior status of the country's nonwhite minorities (Indians, Chinese, mixed race) would be deferred until 1983 at the earliest. Botha also lashed out at liberal white South Africans who criticize his government's apartheid policies, implicitly branding them as agitators. Said he: "There are Satans walking about in white garb."

The only racial palliatives Botha's party offered were marginal and vague. Among them: allowing blacks to handle explosives in mining jobs, traditionally a whites-only prerogative, and possibly relaxing restrictions against serving alcoholic beverages to all races at sporting events.

The reason for Botha's retrenchment lies in last April's national elections. Although his party retained 131 of 165 parliamentary seats, it still suffered the worst setback of its 33 years in power. The moderate Progressive Federal Party gained nine seats (to a still ineffectual 27). But Botha was far more concerned about the rise in popularity of the ultraright Herstigte (Reformed) Nasionale Party (H.N.P.), which strongly advocates continued white privilege, black subjection and rigid racial segregation of all kinds. Though it did not capture a single seat, the H.N.P. nonetheless more than quintupled its vote total to 191,000, and cut sharply into government majorities in many districts.

Botha also faces a challenge from the right wing of his own National Party, led by Andries Treurnicht, who has earned the nickname "Dr. No" for his militant opposition to any aspect of racial reform. As a result, Botha has seemed more sensitive to attacks on his personal political grip than to criticism of his nation's repressive policies. Helen Suzman, the country's best-known liberal and a member of the Progressive Federal minority in Parliament, charges that "now as never before," Botha "places the interests of his party above the interests of South Africa."

Colin Eglin

While the politicians talked, the grim current realities of apartheid were clearly displayed last week in a freezing ghetto area outside Cape Town, where hundreds of blacks huddled after being evicted from their shanty homes in a whites-only district. The blacks were ordered to leave for one of the ten black reserves, or "homelands," that the government has established in its long-term strategy of geographic segregation of blacks and whites. The homelands make up 13% of South Africa's area, but are intended eventually to hold most of the black population. Blacks who refused to move to homelands where housing and jobs are scarce were arrested, and sometimes separated from their children. All too clearly Botha and his government were determined last week to maintain the separation of the races in South Africa. ■

NORTHERN IRELAND

Ready to Die in the Maze

What it is like to starve to death—and why the I.R.A. men do it

After fasting for 62 days, Tom McElwee, 23, died last weekend, touching off widespread rioting in Belfast that killed two persons. The threat of violence is always present, yet the real battle between the British authorities and the Irish Republican Army is being fought these days not in the streets of Northern Ireland, but in a sprawling, gray brick prison near Belfast known as the Maze. There, one after another, I.R.A. members are starving themselves to death for the right, technically, to get the special handling accorded political prisoners instead of being treated as common criminals. But, in a far more profound way, the hunger strikes have come to symbolize the bitter and enduring struggle between the stubborn I.R.A. and the equally stubborn British. By week's end nine hunger strikers had died and others were on what they vowed would be their deathbeds. An inside report on what it is like to live in the Maze—and what it is like to die there:

The tray of food sits there, untouched. Every once in a while, the hunger striker steals a glance at it. After the first week, the servings seem enlarged to a ravenous man, the beans huge, the scones puffed up. His sense of smell is also more acute; he can detect the kind of food almost before it arrives. The breakfast tray waits until lunch, lunch stays until dinner, and dinner remains all night long. British authorities say they have the obligation to keep food always available. The prisoners consider the practice taunting and cruel.

But after two weeks, the war of nerves becomes irrelevant. The trays keep arriving, but by now the prisoners have lost their craving for food. The stomach cramps and pains recede and eventually disappear. The prisoners concentrate instead on their daily five pints of water. Now their only concern is whether they can hold down the water without retching. A small bowl of salt is provided for each prisoner, and he can sprinkle in as much as he wants. When the hunger strikes are far along, the prisoners ask for carbonated water and the British grant the request.

Prisoner's drawing of an inmate confined to a punishment cell

This is the world of the zealots, where Irish youth are willing to starve themselves for their cause of driving the British out of Northern Ireland. It is an astounding kind of sacrifice—a brutal, lingering death, full of hatred and martyrdom, so fanatical and Irish. The moment one striker dies, 50 volunteer to take his place. Tom McElwee, who died last week, wore a glass eye as a result of one of his own guerrilla bombs. Behind him, at 55 days, Patrick Quinn, 29, had once slipped into unconsciousness. Big-bellied Michael Devine, 27, was at 48 days, gangly Lawrence McKeown, 24, at 41, and then, not too far behind, Patrick McGeown, 25, and Matt Devlin, 31, and more to come.

Street fighters from youth, terrorists half their lives, hardened and ruthless from years in prison, they are old at age 20. Because so many of the rebels, 406 of them, are locked in the H-shaped blocks of the Maze, they now believe they must win their war inside the prison, and that helps explain their astonishing defiance. But questions about them persist. Why are they so willing to starve themselves? How do they stand the pain? Are they afraid?

The intimate details of each death, spread eagerly from cell to cell, are well known to all the prisoners. Each time new volunteers are sought, Maze leaders review the awful effects of starvation. They want no false bravado and no dropouts. The prisoners stand silent against the cell-block doors, ears pressed to cracks in the framing, and listen to block commanders speaking in Gaelic to confound the guards, describe the ulcerated throats, the tooth fillings that drop out, the skin that turns so dry that bones break through, the inevitable blindness before death.

I.R.A. leaders at first feared the idea of hunger strikes, believing the men would be unable to persist and would thus endanger the *esprit* of the movement. The longstanding question—Would starvation bring results?—was raised again early this year by prison leaders and debated for hours up and down the blocks. Some of the inmates spoke into the darkness and predicted glumly that the British would never yield. Such comments were usually met with silence. The men were asked to consider the proposal for one week and then volunteer if they felt ready to go.

A hundred offered to die. I.R.A. commanders in the Maze, startled by the number, ordered the hunger strikes to begin. The volunteers quickly became heroes, paid special attention by the other prisoners, passed extra cigarettes, showered with support in the early days of stomach cramps. Poems were written to them and recited through the pipes and doors and shouted across the blocks.

Now the pattern of dying has become almost routine. After 21 days of no food, strikers are moved, past cheering cellmates, to continue their fast in the nearby prison hospital, a modern, one-story building where they are locked into individual rooms. Here they regain the status of prisoners who conform to regulations, and they are allowed to have visitors for one half-hour each day. The trays of food are always there. Radios are in each room and the strikers listen for special songs played for them by name by a sympathetic local station. But the men are even more interested in the hourly news, often interrupting conversation when they realize the program has already started, hoping, in the midst of dying, they will get word that the British have relented—that they can live. For two hours each evening, from 6 o'clock to 8, the hunger strikers are allowed to visit together in a small television room. Four or five gather at a time. After years alone in a cell, the men are fascinated by TV. The sudden appearance of their hated enemy, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, sets them off into howls of outrage.

Prison officers say the hunger strikers undergo a drastic personality change when they leave the discipline of the blocks. They become far more civil, even amiable, finally speaking directly to the staff, asking and answering questions. They spend a great deal of time in bed, trying to preserve their strength. The staff puts sheepskin rugs in their beds to warm their bodies, now slowly turning colder. Although they refuse medication, the men do ask the nurses to give them liniment rubdowns to soften their parched skin. A barber comes in once a week to trim their hair and, if they are feeble, give them a shave. The prisoners are weighed daily and always anxiously demand to know the exact figure, then pass the word immediately to their waiting I.R.A. comrades, who spread it everywhere. Joe McDonnell, 30, dropped from 196 lbs. to less than 100 before he died on July 8.

At 42 days, almost exactly, a nightmarish experience occurs. They have been thoroughly warned, and the prisoners await the moment with great alarm. They are struck by something called nystagmus, a loss of muscular control due to severe vitamin deficiency. If they look sideways, their eyes begin to gyrate wildly and uncontrollably, first horizontally and then vertically. The prisoners struggle to stare straight forward, even cupping their hands against the sides of their heads, but they cannot help themselves. Francis Hughes, 25, the second striker to die, even constructed cotton gauze blinders around his eyes.

Nystagmus also causes spells of constant vomiting and dizziness. The whole experience is terrifying and no amount of advance description can begin to prepare the strikers for the ordeal. When it ends, usually right on schedule after four or five days, they are enormously cheered up and for about a week go through a physical and psychological revival.

But now the end is not far off. Their speech is slurred, and they try not to talk because the sound of their own voices echoes in their heads. Their hearing is failing and visitors have to shout during normal conversations. They are slowly going blind. Even their sense of smell is fading.

Their families are with them often now and together they flash back to early memories and images. Francis Hughes, a folk hero inside the Maze long before his death, retained his needling, cheery nature to the end, lying in bed and singing rebel songs in a thin hoarse voice, his sad relatives gathered around him.

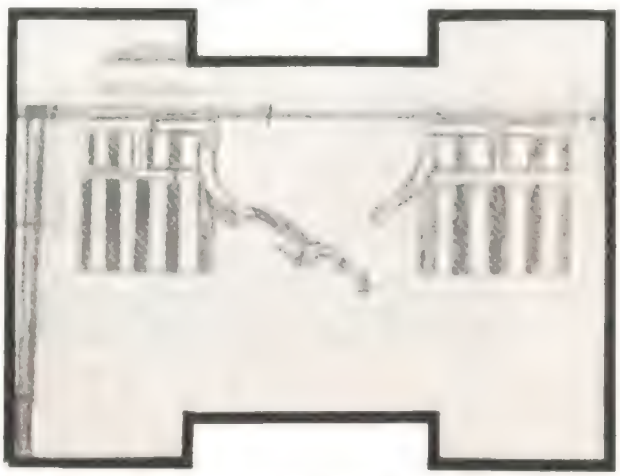
The families usually are helpless. They sit beside the beds, haunted by doubts about whether or not to intervene. "A son is a son," said Bridie McTaggert, who had come to visit her brother, Kevin Lynch, 25, a couple of days before he died, "but my mother has to accept this." When families timidly suggest giving up the strike, sons turn their faces away or weakly hold up their palms asking them to stop. If mothers plead, some angry sons will order them out of the room and refuse further visits. Bobby Sands, 27, warned his mother he would never speak to her again if she interfered after he lost consciousness.

But a fortnight ago there finally was a break in that reluctant agreement by the families to accept the men's wishes. Catherine Quinn decided she could no longer obey such orders. When her son Patrick, 29, was unable to hold down water and fell unconscious, she defied him and had prison authorities take him to a nearby hospital and feed him intravenously. "He can't make a decision for himself any more," she said, "I want my boy to live." When Pat Quinn regains his wits, the cruel struggle between family and cause will continue.

Catherine Quinn's desperate boldness sent a wave of hope through hundreds of families who live in dread of the sudden news that their sons have volunteered to starve. When the name of the latest hunger volunteer, Liam McCloskey, 25, was announced last week, his parents protested to the I.R.A. that their son had a chronic ear infection that could cause early death. They dared to express their indignation.

Nonetheless, some families are caught up in the cause even more than their sons. Hunger Striker Raymond McCreesh, 24, went about 50 days without food and one day wondered aloud to a member of the prison staff if a single glass of milk would violate his fast. After all, McCreesh said hesitantly, it was only liquid, like the five pints of water and salt he took each day.

The staffer was so unnerved by the question that he rushed word to the prison governor who swiftly summoned members of McCreesh's immediate family. One of them pulled a chair close to the bed, for by now Raymond was partly deaf, and reminded the prisoner that he had made a pledge to his comrades. Then the relative alluded to the first hunger striker to die this year: "Remember, Bobby Sands is waiting for you in heaven." Raymond gave up asking for milk and died a week later.



Passing items like cigarettes tied in clothing from man to man

The prisoners who support the strikers often remind each other bitterly that living may be worse than dying. The cause they cling to is far more compelling than anything in their bleak home neighborhoods. Instead, the prisoners have created their own society inside the Maze that enables them to continue the struggle. Each of the four wings in a block has a commander and an adjutant, and each block has an intelligence officer and an education officer. The inmates speak Gaelic; those who do not know the language are taught inside the prison. The entire hierarchy is run by a shrewd, tough commander, Brendan McFarlane, 25, who is serving 25 years for blowing up a pub and killing five civilians.

McFarlane and his staff keep a close eye on the guards, searching for some who have been imported from the south because they understand Gaelic. Prisoners try to trick guards who are suspect, making a shocking remark to them in Gaelic about killing their children. If they see as much as a flicker of response, they know. Ordinarily, prisoners never speak to the guards directly or even look at them. It is part of the endless psychological war.

Prisoners are ingenious about looking after themselves, rubbing their toenails and fingernails on the concrete to keep them short. Long letters printed on toilet paper in miniature handwriting are sneaked out by the hundreds. One inmate, John Thomas, swallowed a small cigarette lighter, intending to store it in his body for a couple of days. A metal detector picked it up and it was removed by a purgative.

Isolated in their cells, the men devise ways of passing items across corridors by stripping threads from cotton towels and attaching a button. Then they swing the button under the door until it intersects with another thread and button from across the hall. Once the link-up is made, the inmates pass small objects to each other. Another way of transferring such items as cigarettes is to tie them to the end of a towel or a trouser leg, and then swing them from one window to the next.

The Maze springs alive for the prisoners around midnight when the guards tend to be less alert and less in evidence. The perfect evening is when the air is still, without a trace of wind or rain. Prison leaders shout into the quiet darkness and their voices carry easily between the H-blocks separated by about 100 ft. The men are called "scorchers," an anglicization of the Gaelic word *scairt*, for shout, and they fill the air with orders and questions and plain gossip. Sometimes they conduct quiz shows, asking questions about entertainment figures, geography, history. When someone wins, a cheer rises in the blackness.

But always, as life goes on in the Maze, the I.R.A. men are inspired and haunted by those who are about to die. The fate of the hunger strikers dominates the prison. Guided by orders from outside the Maze, McFarlane and his lieutenants still have a great deal of control over the prisoners and spend hours picking volunteers to replace the strikers who die. The leaders choose grit rather than physical strength, often quoting Bobby Sands, a small man, who said of his own hunger experience: "The body fights back, sure enough, but at the end of the day, everything returns to the mind. If you don't have a

strong mind to resist, you won't last."

The pressure from fellow prisoners is heavy. To volunteer to go on strike and then quit would be an overwhelming disgrace, roughly akin to the basic Irish horror of becoming an informer. One prisoner, Sean MacStiofain, at the time the No. 2 man in the I.R.A., started a hunger strike in 1972 and quit after 57 days. He was relieved of his command.

The will to endure is strong, almost maniacal. Sands, a cold, sullen man, turned on his bedside radio and listened with a faint smirk to news broadcasts of his own final hours. Even when the end is not far off, there are some lighter moments. Only days before he died, Kevin Lynch asked his family to bring him some cigars. He lay there, his body emaciated, his voice a whisper, blowing smoke toward the ceiling. The mother and girlfriend of Kieran Doherty, 25, were lifting his shrunken body for a rubdown when he almost slid from the bed; the prisoner kidded them about taking 24 hours off his life.

From start to finish, it is a mournful scene, prisoners in green pajamas and blue robes, shuffling around slowly, trying to stretch their fasts—and lives—as long as they are able. The British will not force-feed them. They claim that such an act amounts to personal assault and, besides, they say the doctors will not obey such orders. Hospital pathologists report that post-mortems reveal no single cause of death. Rather, the young bodies simply wither away. It is a terrible way to die, bodies slowly wearing out, time and faces blurring. The prisoners strengthen themselves from time to time by recalling the words of a famous I.R.A. hunger striker, Terence MacSwiney, who fasted for 74 days in 1920 before dying. "It is not those who can inflict the most," said MacSwiney, "but those who can suffer the most who will conquer." British authorities, for their part, are convinced the Irish cannot continue indefinitely to sacrifice their young. "They just can't keep it up," says Humphrey Atkins, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, a man who sounds as dogged as the H-blockers.

Rebel leader Gerry Adams, 34, recently spent an afternoon with the strikers in the Maze. They gathered in the TV room and, speaking only in Gaelic, Adams told them bluntly there was little chance of anything changing. If the strikers wanted to abandon their fast, he went on, they would not be scorned. They had already done more than could be asked.

The prisoners said they wanted to go on anyway. Adams then said he believed they would all very soon be dead. By his word, he seemed almost to be inviting them to break their fast. But they would have none of it. For a moment, they stared back at him in silence. So be it, the silence said. —*By Robert Ajemian*

PANAMA

After Torrijos

The power struggle begins

Led by a riderless stallion, the orange fire truck rolled slowly toward the cemetery in Panama City last week, bearing a flag-draped coffin that was topped by a distinctive canteen, bush hat and gun holster. At the grave, a 21-cannon salute boomed as the coffin was lowered amid a torrent of flowers. Thus did Panama bid farewell to its strongman, Omar Torrijos Herrera, who was killed when his plane crashed four days earlier.

But for hundreds of thousands of Panamanians, who poured into the streets to mourn their lost leader, the funeral also marked the beginning of an ominous power vacuum after 13 years of relative stability under Torrijos, who ruled the country as head of the powerful National Guard. Said Panama's Archbishop Marcos McGrath: "It puts us at a suspenseful point in the social and political history of our fatherland, and in some degree for Central America and the Third World."

Torrijos left behind one of the most stable countries in troubled Central America. The economy was healthy, thanks largely to its canal revenues and free trade zone. In 1977 Torrijos scored his most notable triumph when he renegotiated the Panama Canal treaties with the U.S. to give his country full control over the 51-mile waterway by the year 2000.

In 1978, after handpicking Aristides Royo, 41, to be a figurehead President, Torrijos started planning for national elections in 1984. But Royo, a former Education Minister, is regarded as too leftist by the general staff of the 10,000-member National Guard, which holds real power in the country. A month ago, some colonels asked Torrijos to depose Royo, but the strongman stuck by his protégé. With Torrijos gone, the Guard may turn to Royo's Vice President, Ricardo de la Espriella, a prominent banker.

Ultimately, Panama's new leader is expected to be decided by a power struggle in the National Guard hierarchy. General Florencia Florez, 47, a diligent, soft-spoken career officer who succeeded Torrijos as commander, artfully tried to bolster his position at the funeral when he called for the canteen that was riding on Torrijos' coffin and, his hand shaking slightly, drank from it. Said he into the microphone: "Let the drink inspire me."

Florez faces some strong rivals, including Lieut. Colonel Rubén Dario Paredes, the deputy chief of staff and a moderate who once served as Torrijos' Agriculture Minister. Another potential rival for Florez: Lieut. Colonel Roberto Díaz Herrera, Torrijos' cousin, who is considered to be a liberal.

Mourners besiege the flag-draped coffin of the strongman during the funeral procession

Rivalries in the military, worries about the economy, and fears about the canal.

The eventual ruler will confront difficult problems. Fully one-third of the country's population of 1.9 million is composed of primary schoolchildren, who may face a shrinking job market in the years ahead. With farming depressed, people are crowding into cities, exacerbating social tensions.

And always in the background is the issue of the Panama Canal treaties with the U.S. Right now the sharing of power is working well. Says Thomas O. Enders, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State: "Those treaties are settled. We have a good strong operating relationship with Panama." But some Panama officials fear that, with Torrijos gone, radicals will try to reawaken strong nationalist feelings about the canal. Warns Fernando Manfredo Jr., a Panamanian who is deputy director of the Canal Commission: "One thing the U.S. has to do in the future is move fast when there is any complaint of an alleged violation. If they allow bureaucratic delays, we are in for trouble. People here are watching the canal very carefully." ■

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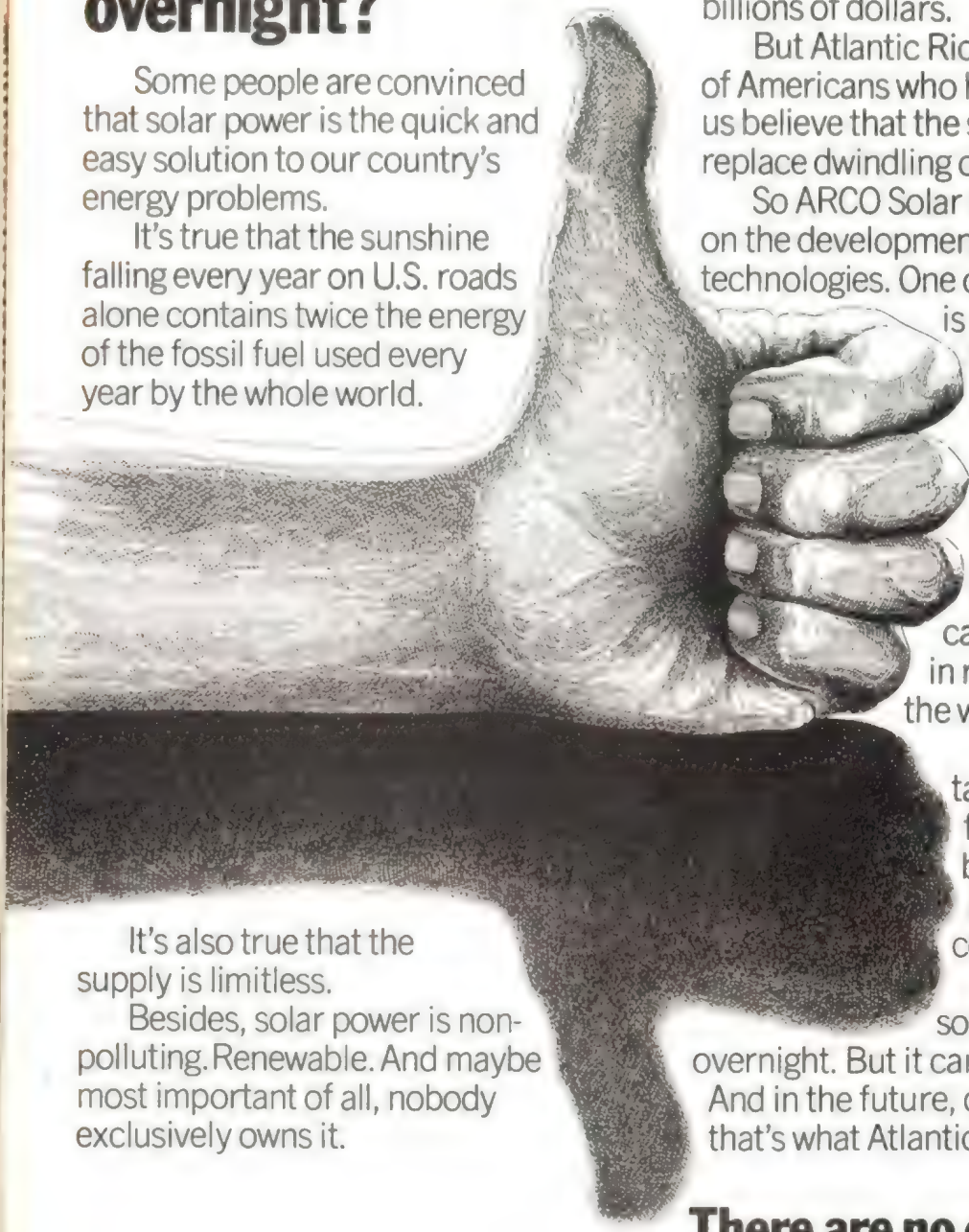

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With Newlyweds Prince Charles and Diana aboard, the royal yacht *Britannia* heads for the Mediterranean with a flotilla of well-wishers in pursuit

People

For his role in the film version of **Ira Levin's** *Deathtrap*, Actor **Michael Caine** is dressed to kill in a $2,500 Sulka robe and a pair of $300 silk Gucci pajamas. Caine, 47, plays Sidney Bruhl, a writer of stage thrillers who has not had a Broadway hit in years. Then a former student of his, played by **Christopher Reeve,** 28, turns up at his converted windmill

Cannon and Caine in *Deathtrap*

in East Hampton, N.Y., with a murderously good play. In a plot with more twists than a Chubby Checker concert, Bruhl conspires with his wife (**Dyan Cannon**) to take over the manuscript by doing in its author. During the filming of one scene, Cannon leaned toward Caine and whispered that he reminded her of her former husband, **Cary Grant.** Replied Caine: "I hate being taken for granted, but never mind being taken for Grant."

Alone at last? Yes, but only after the royal yacht *Britannia* managed to shake off its accompanying flotilla of well-wishers at Gibraltar and run for the open Mediterranean, could its two passengers, **Prince Charles,** 32, and his new bride, **Diana,** 20, begin a fortnight of solitude and sightseeing. Meanwhile, London has been distracted by the cache of wedding gifts that went on display last week in St. James's Palace. On the first day of the two-month exhibit, some 4,000 visitors turned up to see close to 1,000 presents worth an estimated $8 million. This is barely a quarter of what has been received. The royal booty ranges from a slightly withered-looking, heart-shaped potato given by two little sisters from Cheshire to Saudi **Crown Prince Fahd's** nuptial offering: diamond and sapphire jewelry in a green malachite case, estimated to cost at least $1.5 million. Between the lowly spud and the regal ice are such newlywed staples as goblets, china, tableware, pots and pans, a microwave oven, a vacuum cleaner—but no toaster. Non-essentials included a 2-ft.-long solid gold dhow from Bahrain and a Steuben glass bowl from **President** and **Mrs. Ronald Reagan.** In the campy department are matching terry bathrobes with *Charles* and *Diana* stitched on their backs prizefighter style, a gift from Bridesmaid **Clementine Hambro,** 5.

■

For a none-too-musical, but wildly successful, heavy-metal group like **Van Halen,** life on the road can be rocky. When a Colorado promoter served band members M & M's but failed to separate the brown ones they hate, the group was left with no alternative but to trash a dressing room, causing a couple of thousand dollars in damages. Vocalist **David Lee Roth,** 25, has further problems. His sexually suggestive antics whip pubescent fans into a frenzy and sometimes put naughty ideas into young girls' heads. Says Roth: "I get letters all the time saying, 'I got a kid and it looks like you and it needs a bicycle now and some pencils and a notebook by next year.' " His defense: a unique form of paternity insurance with Lloyd's of London for a premium of more than $10,000 a year.

■

"As far as I know, I think I am the only Cuban in exile

Batista posing for a comeback

Roth giving his fans the goods

who proclaims he would like to rule his country one day," says **Jorge Batista,** 38, son of the island's late dictator, **Fulgencio Batista,** who was ousted by Castro in 1959. Jorge may be excused for being a little out of touch with political realities; he has lived mostly in Europe for the past 20 years. Now, from his Fort Lauderdale condo, he believes he "can feel the political heartbeating of my compatriots." But Jorge's counterrevolutionary passions are tempered by practicality. He works as a runway model at fashion shows and attends modeling school. "It is a finishing school for me," he says. "It will help me lead. And one day, if my dreams are not reached politically, perhaps I can do public relations." He seems to have made a good beginning.

—By E. Graydon Carter

Inventory of Holocaust

A devastating study of Hiroshima and Nagasaki

The event has become both part of history and a haunting vision of what the end of the world may be. On the morning of Aug. 6, 1945, shortly after 8 o'clock, a U.S. B-29 flew high over Hiroshima, a small industrial city (pop. 350,000) in southern Japan. Seconds later the entire landscape was lit by a blue white flash that quickly turned into a giant fireball accompanied by powerful shock waves. Death and destruction spread for miles around. Three days later, there was a similar attack on the Japanese city of Nagasaki. For the first and only times, atomic bombs had been unleashed in war.

YOSUKE YAMAHATA

Gateway to Shinto shrine was all that remained near "ground zero" after Nagasaki raid

By today's thermonuclear standards the bombs were puny and primitive.

By today's thermonuclear standards the bombs were puny and primitive, the equivalent of only 12,500 and 22,000 tons of TNT each. But in Hiroshima 140,000 people died on the day of the attack and in the weeks immediately after it. Nagasaki lost 70,000 people. Tens of thousands more were severely injured. Even today, leukemia and other ailments traceable to the radiation exposure continue to take lives.

Last week, as the world marked the 36th anniversary of the bombings, there were renewed appeals for nuclear disarmament, one of them made by the mayor of Hiroshima standing at "ground zero" during memorial services in the city's Peace Park. But the most telling antinuclear message was contained in an extraordinary Japanese scientific study that has just appeared in English.

Titled simply *Hiroshima and Nagasaki* (Basic Books; $37.50) and prepared under the sponsorship of the two battered cities, it is the work of 34 Japanese doctors, physicists and social scientists. The book uses dry, technical language, with page after page of charts and statistics. Yet it provides the most complete reckoning to date of the damage—physical, medical, social—from atomic attack.

Such a cumulative inventory is long overdue. Though the A-bombings have been the theme of books, memoirs and films, scientific inquiry has been limited. In the immediate postwar years, U.S. occupation authorities openly discouraged filming the devastation or writing about it. When the Japanese regained control, they too resisted appeals for scientific studies, and even today have never passed a basic compensation law for A-bomb victims. Yet through a variety of techniques —autopsies, statistical studies and radiation experiments—Japanese as well as American and European scientists have pieced together the story of the attacks and their grim consequences.

Some of the details are agonizingly familiar: trees and utility poles turned into charred matchsticks by the intense heat (temperatures reached millions of degrees at the centers of the explosions); earthquake-resistant buildings crumpled by the shock waves; human flesh burned 2½ miles from the targets. Less well known, perhaps: the sticky black rain, triggered by hot ash and dust blasted up into the cold air, that showered deadly radioactive fallout on the cities.

There are also reminders of the first encounters with that grisly ailment of the atomic age, so puzzling to its initial victims, known as radiation sickness. Among the early signs: nausea and vomiting, loss of appetite, thirst, fever and diarrhea. By the second week, hair began to fall out, the gums became painfully swollen, the white-blood-cell count fell sharply. Severe exposure usually meant death. Lethal rays did not always come directly from the blasts. The explosions produced some 200 different isotopes, most of them radioactive, with varying half-lives. Days after the bombs fell, survivors were exposed to this "hot" debris as they sifted the rubble for missing wives, husbands, children.

Even those who seemed to have safely passed these initial trials soon realized that the threat and damage from such attacks were different from previous bombings. Healing of cuts and burns was slow because of radiation damage to the body's immune system. Unusually thick scars, called keloids, formed over wounds. Survivors experienced a high rate of blood disorder, leukemia and other cancers. There were also signs of premature aging, including so-called atomic-bomb cataracts. Many children born in the days and weeks after the blasts were retarded, microcephalic (with small heads) and stunted in growth.

The damage was not always purely physical. For years after the war, the Japanese conscience was troubled by "A-bomb orphans." Some languished in foster homes. Others drifted aimlessly across the countryside and became delinquent. Survivors faced not only the fear of sudden illness and possible genetic damage, but social prejudices as well, limiting their opportunities for jobs, marriage and normal lives. Some even refused to apply for government medical care lest they become publicly known as A-bomb victims.

The study's authors refuse to accept the U.S. explanation that the bombs were dropped to hasten the war's end and avoid a bloody invasion. Instead, they cling to the questionable theory that the attacks were mainly intended to awe Joseph Stalin and the Soviet Union. In other respects, the study is remarkably free of polemics, though not of ironies. The writers note that many of the victims were Japanese of American birth who had returned to Japan for study and were trapped there by the war. Those of other nationalities who died in the attacks: thousands of Koreans brought to Japan as forced laborers, hundreds of Chinese, some Russians, Germans and Mongolians, even a handful of American P.O.W.s. Most of these were airmen shot down only nine days earlier. When informed by captors that they would be taken to Hiroshima, two are reported to have warned that the city would soon be destroyed by a devastating bomb.

—By Frederic Golden

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Impressionistic image of a swimmer: lightness and freedom, frighteningly submerged

Running horse: aggression, turbulence

Behavior

"See & Tell": Color Phototherapy

Images that reveal secrets in the viewer's heart

A swooping swimmer in churning blue water, a nearly invisible running horse latticed with bands of light, a jagged greenish swirl, a diver poised before takeoff. These photographs, ranging from impressionism to clear abstraction, are the work of Joel Walker, a gifted amateur cameraman, who took them for his amusement and then was pleased enough with the results to hang them on the walls of his Toronto office as decoration.

Walker, 39, is a psychiatrist. These four, and six other images, began to elicit comments from his patients, often providing him with a catalyst for therapeutic talk, an opening to the patient's preoccupations. Soon Walker began asking whether any of the photographs stirred an emotional response. "People expressed feelings," he says, "and at appropriate moments I could break through initial resistance and get to the heart of their problem." One of Walker's patients, a man in his 30s, complained of chest pains and feared heart attacks, even though cardiologists could find nothing wrong with him. Walker assumed the problem was psychosomatic, but could not get the man to talk freely. One day Walker happened to ask him how he felt about the running horse photograph, and the image provoked a sudden torrent of rage against the man's neglectful father that he had previously been unable to express. "The picture clearly triggered this awareness," says Walker. "As he began to deal with his own rage and anger, the pains began to subside and eventually left him."

Walker does not regard the photographs as a diagnostic tool like the Rorschach technique, in which patients describe what they see in inkblots and the responses are scored. Nor does he use them like the Thematic Apperception Test, in which viewers reveal personality patterns by constructing stories from a series of pictures. Instead he uses the images as an emotional icebreaker: "The initial response gives me cues about where to go from there." But Canadian Psychologist Paul Lerner, an expert on the Rorschach method believes Walker's approach may very well become a new diagnostic tool for assessing personality. "Like the Rorschach," Lerner says, "it could be used to show what aspect the patient pays attention to and what he ignores."

Phototherapy, in fact, is not new; an English surgeon (and pioneer photographer) named Hugh Diamond used pictures of madwomen in his work with mental patients in the mid-19th century. But photography has only recently come into serious psychotherapeutic use, and it still tends to involve patients' responses to images of themselves or members of their immediate family. No one before Walker has collected reactions as systematically, or from as many people

The reason is that he also became interested in learning how the general pub-

Jagged abstraction in shades of green
Demonic, death reflected in a pool.

Diver poised before takeoff
On a cliff, thinking about life after death.

lic would respond to the images. Would these viewers perceive the images differently? Would their reactions be more or less intense? Two years ago, Walker organized a "participatory exhibit" of his prints called "See & Tell," at Manhattan's Nikon House. Under each print were two boxes, labeled TAKE IT and LEAVE IT. Viewers could remove a card from one box and record their impressions, then drop it in the other box. They could also sample other people's opinions. "I had no intention of doing therapy on all of New York City," says Walker.

So far nearly 3 million people have seen Walker's pictures at exhibitions in Toronto, Mexico City and New York, and in a U.S. high school student magazine. He has correlated thousands of comments in order to gauge just how evocative each picture is and how strong the response to it. Of the prints, the blue swimmer stirred the most emphatic responses and the largest number of positive reactions: "lightness and freedom," "a loving, warm companion." But one woman felt frighteningly "submerged." Viewers found the greenish abstraction disturbing or threatening, calling it "demonic" or "evil." One even described it as "death reflected in a pool." The running horse suggested aggression, power and turbulence. The diver, perhaps predictably, evoked loneliness and despair: "readying himself for a suicide leap," "on top of a cliff, thinking about life after death." Said a husband: "All I see is a man on a board going to dive." Said his wife: "I was not aware of a diver at all. It's so much more. It's isolation."

Walker at work

Walker emphasizes there is no right or wrong way to interpret the images. Still, he has derived some general themes and response patterns: all types of viewers, for example, found the same images most and least evocative. But there were significant cultural differences. Mexicans were more explicit in their feelings than New Yorkers or Canadians, and showed almost no sexual or erotic suggestions in their responses. Expressing negative feelings, Mexicans usually spoke of "sadness," while their northern neighbors often reached for words like "despair" and "suicide." "The major differences," says Walker, "were in the degrees of feelings evoked and the ways they were expressed." To discover whether there may be cultural response patterns elsewhere, Walker plans to take "See & Tell" to London, Paris and Tokyo. "I hope," he says, "we may be able to either dispel or confirm many existing cultural stereotypes." *—By Sara Medina. Reported by Nancy Pierce Williamson/New York*

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Good News for Pope John Paul

But at the Vatican problems are piling up

After weeks of uncertainty and pessimism, the Agostino Gemelli Polyclinic in Rome had some good news. Its famous patient, Pope John Paul II, had finally conquered a lingering infection and fever and was well enough for a long-delayed second operation. In what was termed a "perfectly successful" procedure, Gemelli doctors reconnected segments of the Pontiff's colon, a simple operation that reversed the intestinal bypass surgery performed last May after the attempt on his life. With a reticence typical of reports on the Pope's progress, Vatican spokesmen waited half an hour to inform the public about the operation. By the time Gemelli issued the hopeful medical bulletin, John Paul was already conscious and smiling as hospital staff members wheeled him back to his suite. He will still have to spend at least ten days in Gemelli and a longer period of convalescence at the papal summer residence in Castel Gandolfo before resuming his duties at the Vatican.

Early hopes that the Pope would make a rapid and complete recovery from the assassination attempt had faded when he was forced to return to the hospital last June. Though Gemelli doctors reported that John Paul was gaining in his battle with cytomegalovirus, an infection similar to mononucleosis, rumors persisted that he was more seriously ill than either hospital or Vatican officials were willing to admit. In a prerecorded television address to the International Eucharistic Conference in Lourdes last month, John Paul appeared as a wan reflection of his former robust self. Hunched over a table, his face pale and his hands trembling, he explained that "God has permitted that at present I myself, in my own body, experience suffering and weakness."

For 2½ months John Paul has had to delegate most of the responsibility for the day-to-day operation of the church to Agostino Cardinal Casaroli, Vatican Secretary of State. Casaroli, 66, presides over weekly sessions of the Council of the Curia, the Vatican's chief administrative body, and keeps a watchful eye over the Holy See's worldwide communication network, as well as its complex local government. For weeks the Italian press has been referring to him as *"il Vice Papa."* Even so, many matters of doctrine and morals, which only the Pope can deal with, have been piling up. John Paul, for example, must rule on all annulment petitions and requests from clerics who want to leave the priesthood. Cardinals need to be appointed in a number of large urban dioceses, among them Milan, Paris and Washington. Crucial projects to overhaul the Vatican's financial organization and to revise the church's canon law have been delayed, and a shake-up of the cumbersome Curia is long overdue. All await papal supervision and approval.

Pope broadcasting from Gemelli hospital

In the days since his fever subsided, the Pope's condition has noticeably improved. He gained back seven of the 20 lbs. he lost, and has been meeting daily with various Cardinals. Despite the good prognosis for full recovery that followed last week's operation, nagging doubts remained about the future of John Paul's papacy. He has made no secret of the fact that he would rather serve as pastor to a far-flung flock than face the daily grind of church business. Vatican officials wonder what he will do if he is no longer able to carry on those winning, globetrotting ways that have helped him dramatize to the world a conservative and sometimes unpopular vision of the church. Because of his long convalescence, the Pope has already had to cancel scheduled trips to Switzerland, France and Spain.

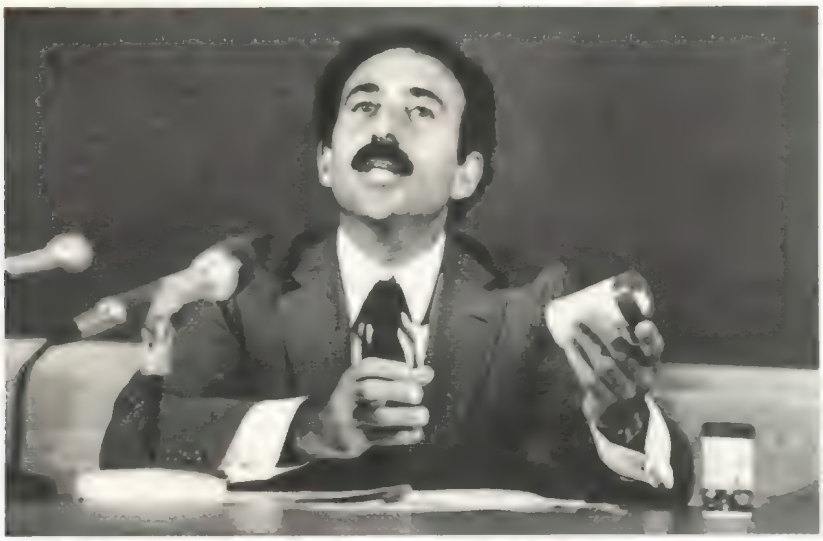
Cardinal Casaroli, Vatican Secretary of State

The papers called him "il Vice Papa."

The fluctuating health bulletins from Gemelli, before the operation, prompted speculation in the press that John Paul might do the unthinkable and abdicate, rather than limp along as a semi-invalid Pope confining his actions to the minutiae of the Vatican bureaucracy. There had even been talk of a new papal conclave. This time around, the early favored *papabili* were Italians who have reputations as seasoned administrators. One was Casaroli, a moderate who has gained exposure as John Paul's loyal second in command. The other: Giovanni Benelli, 60, the conservative, often abrasive Archbishop of Florence, who was runner-up to John Paul at the 1978 conclave. There are some ancient precedents for a papal abdication. Benedict IX (1032-45) sold his office outright to the reforming Pope Gregory VI; Celestine V (Aug. 29–Dec. 13, 1294) resigned to become a hermit after realizing he was not suited for the job; Gregory XII (1406-15) abdicated as part of a deal to end a schism and reunite the church. But Vatican insiders insisted that John Paul believes God has chosen him for the office, and will not voluntarily give it up. Besides, asked a Vatican official, "what do you do with an ex-Pope, especially if he is as strong a man as Wojtyla?"

More recent speculation has focused on what new direction a less strong and energetic John Paul might give his pontificate. Would he, like ailing Popes Pius IX and Leo XIII, retire to a life of meditation and reflection behind Vatican walls, rather than touring the globe?

Even before the assassination attempt, many hard-liners in the Curia, who are unhappy with the freewheeling style of this Pope, hoped he would consider doing just that. But there are indications that John Paul has other things in mind. After lunching with the Pope several days before his operation, Poland's new Primate Jozef Glemp declared that John Paul will "almost certainly" be traveling next year. As it happens, next year Poland will be marking the 600th anniversary of the arrival of the nation's most venerated religious symbol, the *Black Madonna* of Czestochowa, clearly a celebration the former Cardinal from Cracow would move heaven and earth not to miss. *—By John Kohan. Reported by Barry Kalb and Wilton Wynn/Rome*



Dr. Stuart Levy speaking at a Boston press conference about the dangers of antibiotic overuse

Medicine

Those Overworked Miracle Drugs

More and more antibiotics are less and less successful

In the 1940s, when penicillin came into wide use, it was seen as the miracle drug to save the world from pneumococcal pneumonia, an infection that then had a mortality rate as high as 85%. But as more and more antibiotics came into use, nature fought back, creating more resistant bacteria. When first used, penicillin was nearly 100% effective against the most prevalent *Staphylococci aureus* that spread hospital-related infection among patients. Today the drug is far less effective. Both tetracycline and penicillin, once used to cure gonorrhea, now have a failure rate of more than 20% against certain strains. For years a growing body of evidence has suggested that the overuse of antibiotics is helping to make the miracle drugs less effective. Last week a group of 150 doctors and medical scientists from 26 nations issued reports calling for more control.

"In this country antibiotics are prescribed for everything, including ailments such as the common cold," says Dr. Stuart Levy, a professor at Tufts University Medical School in Boston and one of the contributors to the report. Indeed, drug companies promote antibiotics heavily, patients badger doctors for quick cures, and busy physicians sometimes write prescriptions without ordering the costly but appropriate backup tests. Furthermore, some surgeons routinely prescribe antibiotics before operations to prevent the possibility of infection later.

Miracle drugs are even more overworked in Third World countries, because they are often sold over the counter, without a prescription, even though antibiotics can have toxic side effects. U.S. physicians, for instance, know that Chloramphenicol should be prescribed only for life-threatening infections, since it can cause a breakdown in red blood cells. Physicians in Latin America, however, have been urged by manufacturers to use the drug for such minor ailments as tonsillitis and whooping cough.

In the U.S. the overuse of wonder drugs is caused not only by indiscriminate prescriptions. An astonishing 40% of all the antibiotics used in this country are put into livestock feed to make animals grow fatter. As a result, bacteria resistant to antibiotics are accumulating rapidly in the environment. In 1977 the Food and Drug Administration tried to limit such stock-feed boosters, but under heavy pressure from drug companies, Congress simply ordered more research.

Says Harvard University Professor Walter Gilbert, a Nobel prizewinner in chemistry: "There may be a time down the road when 80% to 90% of infections will be resistant to all known antibiotics." Before such a disaster strikes, the medical group urges setting international standards for prescription, distribution and advertising. At the third annual National Conference on Antibiotic Review being held this week in Washington, D.C., 300 participants, doctors, nurses and pharmacists, are grappling with practical ways to correct overuse in hospitals. Two possibilities: setting up a review of how antibiotics are used and requiring lab tests to justify renewed prescriptions. ■

Press

Grim *Bulletin*

A paper struggles to save itself

The rumors began to circulate at the Philadelphia *Bulletin* last Monday morning. At 3 p.m., Publisher N.S. ("Buddy") Hayden stepped to a lectern that had been hastily propped on a reporter's desk. Facing the staff members who jammed into the fourth-floor newsroom he said, "What I have to tell you is not pleasant." The news: the financially ailing 134-year-old daily, which has lost $31.2 million since 1979—$10.3 million in the first half of this year—will publish its last edition on Aug. 16 unless the paper's eight unions agree to $5 million a year in cutbacks. The announcement brought a hush to the usually bustling newsroom. Said *Bulletin* Columnist Rose DeWolf: "You could hear a mosquito buzz."

The threat to shut down the *Bulletin* came just two weeks after Time Inc. announced it was closing the 128-year-old Washington *Star*. The reasons have become all too familiar in the darkening afternoon-newspaper market. Once Philadelphia's leading daily, the *Bulletin* suffered a steep circulation decline (down from 634,000 to 412,000 since 1970). The paper has held on to only 32% of the area's advertising linage in the face of stiff competition from the morning *Inquirer* (circ 429,000), two smaller dailies and 24 suburban papers. Says one Philadelphia ad agency executive: "The *Bulletin* is thought of as being the second paper. If you want the middle-class, upper-income reader, you go to the *Inquirer*."

Three years ago, trying to halt its decline, the *Bulletin* introduced morning editions. Then, under the Florida-based Charter Co., which bought the *Bulletin* last year for $31 million, the daily was redesigned and suburban editions were sharpened. The staff of 2,100 was trimmed by 125, and a wage freeze was imposed on nonunion employees. Advertisers and readers continued to defect, and losses grew.

The Bulletin

Charter, which has interests in oil, insurance and publishing (*Ladies' Home Journal*, *Redbook*), agreed to invest up to $30 million in the *Bulletin* in the next four years "if labor will join hands and help." Some think it may be too late. "In the long run, it's not going to make any difference," says John Morton, a publishing analyst at John Muir & Co. "There's never been a paper that has turned around after the ad share has sunk as low as the *Bulletin's*." Perhaps. But the *Bulletin* is going to try. At week's end the paper's management and unions were discussing ways to cut costs. Says Hayden: "If we didn't think it was a sound plan, we'd just close the doors now." ■

Housing's Roof Collapses

Costs of homes are coming down, as those high interest rates kill sales

The U.S. housing industry, already creaking in the wind like an ill-maintained Victorian mansion, did not need the news out of Washington last week. The Federal Home Loan Bank Board reported that the nationwide mortgage interest rate rose to a blistering average 16.95% in early July, a record, and nearly double the rate of just five years ago. It is expected to surpass 17% this month. This means that a couple buying a $70,000 house, who have put down the standard 25% and financed the remaining $52,500 mortgage for 25 years, would have monthly principal and interest payments of $755. They would wind up putting out $244,000 for the dwelling, with $174,000 of that going for interest alone.

Signs of the times in Pacific Palisades, where Reagan awaits a buyer

Largely because of the high cost of mortgage money, sales of new single-family homes dropped 17.2% from May to June. That depressed the annual sales rate of those homes to 408,000, the slowest pace since April 1980 when the economy was in a brief but sharp recession. In contrast, the best month ever for new dwellings was October 1978, when new homes were selling twice as fast: at an annual rate of 872,000.

The picture is almost as grim when it comes to housing starts, the point where men, materials and money combine to build a house. In June, starts were running at an annual level of slightly more than 1 million, less than half the record rate of 2.5 million set in January 1972. Further depressing the market is the growing inventory of unsold completed homes, enough for 9.3 months of sales at the current pace. This is second only to the record backlog of 12.4 months in April 1980. Sluggish starts have idled construction crews, slowed demand for everything from roofing nails, cement and lumber to sashes, sills and sand, and generally contributed to the slowdown in the U.S. economy.

The only modestly bright spot in the housing industry was the sale of existing homes, which rose by 6% in June to an annual rate of 2.6 million. The increase, though, reflected the vagaries of home financing rather than any strength in housing. With interest rates high and banks short of money to lend, the owner often has to offer the buyer a mortgage, if he hopes to sell. That has helped the turnover of older houses. Nonetheless, this part of the market is still 35% lower than its November 1978 peak of 4 million on an annual basis.

Summer is the traditional high point of the real estate year, as thousands of executives move their families to a new job in a new city. The people transferred this year are having trouble finding qualified buyers for their houses. Says veteran Real Estate Appraiser Joseph L. Donnelly in Washington, D.C.: "Buyers are few and far between. Sales volume is off drastically." In the Beverly Glen section of Los Angeles, nearly every third house has a FOR SALE sign out in front.

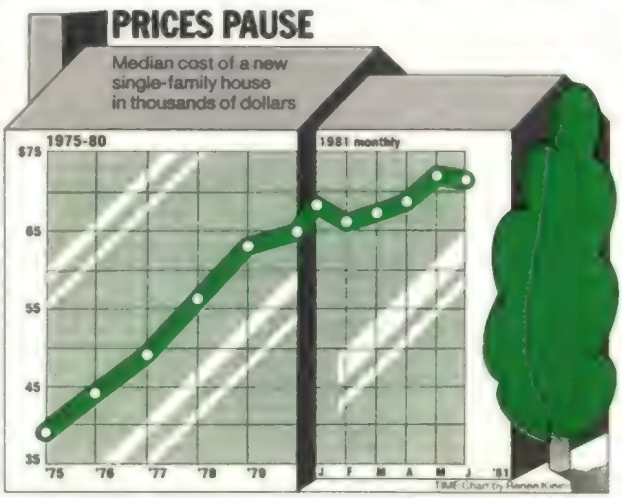
Median-priced homes are the part of the market hit hardest by the slump. Says John Pfister, a real estate analyst at the Chicago Title and Trust Co.: "Luxury housing moves with the Dow Jones averages and has held up well. So has the lower end of the market. But the middle ranges show real weakness." Says one Manhattan broker: "The higher-priced apartments will sell at any time. When you're paying $500,000, you don't care about financing."

As a result of slow sales, house prices are now dipping in many parts of the country for the first time in years. Nationally, the median price for a single-family new home inched down $200 from May to June, to $71,600. California Developer Peter Landau has slashed the prices on his two-bedroom Countrylane Townhouses in the San Fernando Valley outside Los Angeles from $108,000 to $93,000.

Few housing experts believe that the sluggishness in prices will continue long enough to produce a drop in housing prices over the course of the entire year. That has not happened since the recession year of 1970, when the median price declined to $23,400 from $25,600 the previous year.

The real estate madness during the past few years was strongest in California. During 1977, prices of California houses jumped 20.1%, and then they rose another 19.1% in 1978. Like spiraling stock prices in the 1920s, few thought the rise would end. But now it is doing just that, and some people are scrambling to get out.

Los Angeles Publicist Philip Paladino, 45, paid $73,000 eight years ago for a house in Bel Air. Last month he told his wife: "Let's dump it. I think the market is going to crash." Paladino listed the property for $595,000 but accepted $515,000 in cash, which he immediately put into



short-term money-market investments.

A couple of years ago, new homes for sale in California were snatched up almost as soon as they became available. In Santa Monica today, the average house stands unsold for up to 90 days. Ronald Reagan's plush three-bedroom Pacific Palisades house went on the market in January at $1.9 million. Finally, eight months later, an Orange County developer is interested in buying at that price, but he requests that Reagan provide some of the financing through an owner-supplied mortgage. No agreement has yet been reached.

Most affected by the high interest and slow sales are the California homeowners who cashed in on the sharply rising value of their property in the 1970s by taking out second, third and even fourth mortgages. In one fairly typical case in San Jose, a $34,000 first mortgage was followed in quick succession by two others of $15,000 and $10,000, the latter a six-month one with an annual interest rate of 25%. The failure of the last mortgage triggered a foreclosure on the house, one of hundreds in California in recent months. The rate of delinquent home payments has also jumped in the past two months in the state. In Contra Costa County near San Francisco, the number of delinquent payment notices was 200 a month last year; now it is nearly 400 monthly.

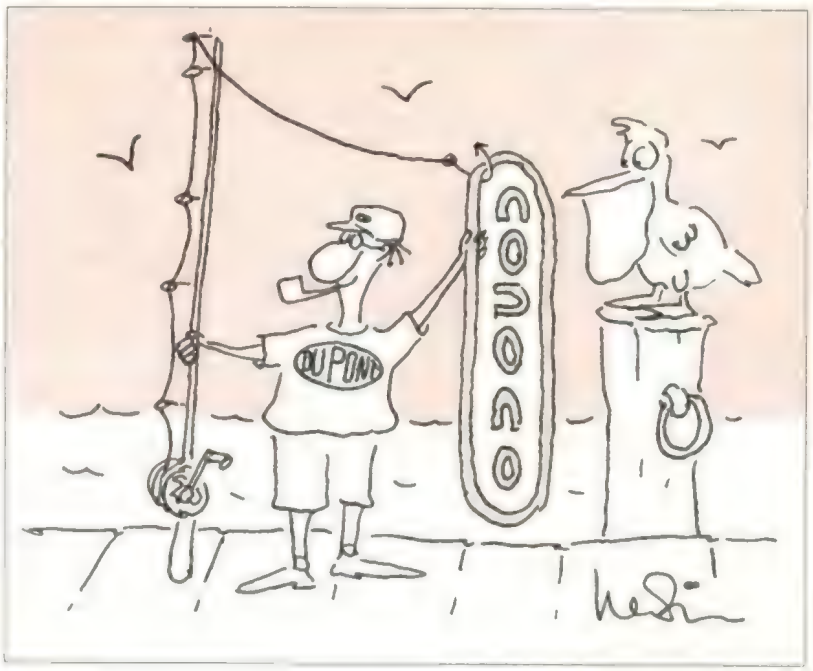
"Creative financing," which was pioneered in California, has doubtless led to some of the problems. This type of loan legerdemain encourages the use of medium-term borrowing and schemes such as variable rate mortgages and shared appreciation between the bank and the buyer. But creative financing has become necessary for many would-be homeowners, contends Willard Sprague, an economist at San Francisco's Wells Fargo Bank. Says he: "Only about 10% of California households can afford to buy the median-priced home [$105,800 in California] with conventional financing."

Is housing dead? That same question was asked 15 years ago during a credit crunch when mortgage rates reached a then phenomenal 6.5% after hovering for years at around 5%. Even in today's market, experts are not about to dismiss the U.S. housing industry. High interest rates have made the market stagnant, but they have also created pent-up demand among the baby-boom generation, who are now in their 30s. New housing is currently being built at less than half the 2 million-a-year rate needed just to keep up with those potential buyers. Robert Sheehan, director of economic research for the National Association of Home Builders, believes that the 1980s could still be a very strong decade for housing. But that will occur only if mortgage rates begin to slip from their current record levels. *—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Patricia Delaney/Chicago and Michael Moritz/San Francisco, with other U.S. bureaus*

And the Winner Is . . .

Du Pont acquires Conoco after a historic takeover battle

Shortly after midnight last Wednesday, five cases of Dom Perignon 1970 champagne (price per bottle: $100) were uncorked in a banquet room of the Hotel Du Pont, located in the same gray granite building as Du Pont and Co.'s headquarters in Wilmington, Del. Chairman Edward Jefferson had gathered some 60 top advisers, secretaries, chauffeurs and the pilots of the company's jets to celebrate Du Pont's victory in the greatest takeover struggle in American corporate history. Only 160 miles to the north, in Stamford, Conn., Conoco executives met in Chairman Ralph Bailey's office for their own celebration. One vice president walked up to the bar and jocularly ordered, "Seagram's on the rocks."



Thus ended five weeks of financial maneuvering, courtroom battles, noisy public name-calling and political infighting, all aimed at acquiring the nation's ninth largest oil company. Du Pont had won Conoco by outbidding Seagram, the world's biggest liquor distiller, and Mobil Oil, the second largest American petroleum firm. "There's never been a merger contest like it," said Joseph Perella, a member of the team of investment bankers from First Boston that advised Du Pont on its winning strategy.

Du Pont won its hotly contested prize through skill and guile. After making the initial takeover bid on Conoco, Du Pont stood by quietly as Mobil and Seagram aggressively justified their positions in newspaper ads and Conoco filed harassing lawsuits against both. At the same time, Du Pont was executing a clever financial play that enabled it to acquire a majority of Conoco shares at a lower price than Mobil was offering.

Du Pont's secret weapon was a device called the "double-barreled two-step." The plan allowed Conoco shareholders to choose whether to receive $98 per share in cash or tax-free units of 1.7 Du Pont shares worth about $80. The offer was attractive to many investors because it had no strings attached and provided them two forms of payment.

Mobil, on the other hand, set limits on its offer. Although it raised its bid from $90 to $105, and finally last week to $115 and $120 per share, Mobil's proposal was conditional on its obtaining 51% of Conoco's shares. Mobil also had a severe handicap because it was never able to shake the fear that the Justice Department would block the merger of two oil companies on antitrust grounds.

During the last two weeks of bargaining for Conoco, Seagram was no longer a serious contender. In spite of its nearly $3 billion bankroll, the Canadian distiller could not stay in the bidding with even better-heeled rivals. Seagram's final proposal was $92 per share.

When last week's deadline for investors to sell stock approached, Du Pont had received 47.3 million shares, or 55%, of Conoco stock. Mobil had managed to acquire only 736,000 shares, while Seagram had almost 27 million shares. After its takeover bid had failed, Mobil sold its Conoco stock to Seagram. When Seagram finally converts all its Conoco holdings into Du Pont shares, it will own about

20% of the company and be the second largest shareholder next to the Du Pont family. The stock purchase took Seagram out of bidding for any other oil company in the near future. Said Felix Rohatyn, the veteran deal maker who advised the Canadian company: "Seagram has ended up with a major investment in a tremendous chemical and energy company."

The end of the battle for Conoco has probably not meant the end of the bidding war for oil companies. Those oil firms remain very attractive takeover candidates because of their rich natural-resources reserves. Moreover, more than half a dozen corporations have some $34 billion in bank credit lines that can be used for a proposed merger. The same day last week that Du Pont claimed victory, all ten of the most active stocks on the American Stock Exchange were oil and gas firms. Some of the possible acquisition targets for the major energy companies: Pennzoil, Mesa Petroleum, Superior Oil, Marathon Oil, Amerada Hess and Murphy Oil. Texaco, which was an early suitor of Conoco, is reportedly considering a bid for Kerr-McGee, an Oklahoma-based oil company.

Those smaller oil firms can be expected to fight just as hard as Conoco to stay out of the hands of the larger energy companies. Said Bailey last week: "Had Mobil been permitted to acquire Conoco, there would have been other such mergers initiated by the major oil companies. A real threat existed that a large number of oil companies in the middle tier, like Conoco, would have been eliminated." Several of those firms, including Cities Service and Marathon, have already arranged their own lines of bank credit to fight off unfriendly takeover attempts.

Jefferson

The great unknown remaining after the fight for Conoco is the Justice Department's attitude toward a merger between two oil companies. Two weeks ago, Antitrust Chief William Baxter gave the green light to a Du Pont–Conoco deal. Yet, despite heavy pressure from Mobil, he did not express an opinion on a Mobil-Conoco merger. In fact, he appeared to be indicating that he might block it, when he said: "If they think we're generally soft on mergers, they're going to be in for a big surprise." If Mobil, Texaco or another member of Big Oil goes after one of the smaller energy firms, Baxter may be forced to produce his big surprise. *—By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*

New international trading partners: Hal Beretz (left), John Gutfreund and David Tendler

Doing a Deal

The Salomon-Phibro merger

Even in the Year of the Merger, last week's announcement shocked the close-knit world of Wall Street. Salomon Bros., the world's largest trader in government securities and corporate bonds, was combining with Phibro, the world's largest commodity trader. The $550 million marriage will create a new international financial juggernaut. Said George Ball, president of E.F. Hutton: "There had been inklings of some internal dissatisfaction and potential losses for Salomon Bros., but nothing that had been a harbinger of a move to sell out to another firm."

About two months ago, David Tendler, 43, the chairman of Phibro, first began meeting socially in a New York suburb with John Gutfreund, 51, the managing partner of Salomon Bros., and several members of his seven-man executive committee. The talks were cloaked in the extreme secrecy that has become the hallmark of the two companies.

From each firm's point of view, a corporate marriage was attractive. Phibro, founded in 1914, had just been spun off from its smaller and less profitable parent, Engelhard Minerals & Chemicals Corp. of New York. Though it has been making record profits, Salomon had recently lost about $40 million in the highly volatile bond market. Several senior officials at Salomon, which is one of the few remaining partnerships on Wall Street, were also anxious to leave the firm and cash in their share of the operation.

Moreover, the two companies were very complementary. Phibro reaped profits of $467 million last year by trading in about 150 commodities ranging from tobacco and cocoa to zirconium and Peruvian bird droppings. It now wanted to offer new financial services like raising investment capital for its trading clients. The 71-year-old Salomon Bros., on the other hand, wished to expand its operations beyond traditional bond trading and corporate underwriting. Strategic metals, grains and other commodities, after all, have in recent years been some of the best investments around.

The 62 Salomon Bros. partners, though, still had to be convinced. On July 31, Gutfreund invited them for a long weekend to a conference center in Tarrytown, N.Y., 27 miles from Wall Street. Between lunches and dinners laced with vintage wines and intermittent sets of tennis, the partners added up the benefits and disadvantages of a merger. By selling out, most of them, like Henry Kaufman, the firm's well-known chief economist, would become millionaires several times over. Gutfreund stands to reap $25 million to $30 million as the biggest winner of the deal. But the Salomon partners would be losing the autonomy and privacy that comes from being controlling owners in the fast-moving world of bond trading and investment banking. "What we were giving up was sentimental and wonderful," said Gutfreund. "But looking at the '80s and '90s, this merger would pitch us way beyond what we could do alone."

The Salomon Bros.–Phibro agreement continues the pattern of recent megadollar mergers on Wall Street that began with Bache's acquisition by Prudential Insurance and the American Express takeover of Shearson Loeb Rhoades. The combined Salomon Bros.–Phibro firm, though, will not be going after new customers for credit cards or insurance. It will be making corporate deals on an unprecedented worldwide scale.

Phibro, for example, already sells alumina, the material used to make aluminum, for Guyana. If that South American country some day needs a new hydroelectric plant to supply power to an aluminum smelter, the Salomon Bros. wing of the new company could raise the capital for the plant, and the Phibro one would then market the final product. Said Hal H. Beretz, 45, the president of Phibro: "The parts of this merger are unique. There's nothing out there that is going to match this combination." That attitude was the driving force behind last week's merger announcement. ■

A New Name

Play it again, Sambo

When business gets bad enough, a company will try just about anything. Sambo's, which has 1,117 restaurants in 47 states, is now even trying out a new name (No Place Like Sam's) at more than 100 of its shops in the Northeast in an attempt to reverse a four-year tailspin. The company, whose restaurants serve everything from pancakes to hamburgers 24 hours a day, has also changed ad agencies and revamped its menus.

Things were not always bad at Sambo's, which was a darling of Wall Street investors in the mid-1970s. Between 1967 and 1977, the number of restaurants in the chain jumped from 67 to 869. Income during that period went from about $1 million to $22.8 million. But in the first six months of this year, the company lost $16.7 million.

One of the keys to Sambo's initial success was a potent profit sharing plan called Fraction of the Action. This allowed a restaurant manager to invest $20,000 to buy 20% ownership of his operation. When the plan was started in 1967, it attracted a small army of businessmen willing to put in long hours in return for the promise of making it big. Recalls John Puccinelli, who was a restaurant manager for three years in Concord, Calif.: "They recruited us by saying that if you'll stay with Sambo's for ten years, you'll be set for the rest of your life."

In 1977, however, the company decided that it could not pay out that much in profit sharing and began buying back the managers' interests. Within six months, 50% of the managers had quit. And then the lawsuits began. Former managers claimed that the Fraction of the Action was actually a pyramid scheme that indirectly paid off top corporate officials with money put in by the restaurant managers. Charles P. Cattin, a former manager in Portland, Ore., sued Sambo's, charging fraud. Last month an Oregon court awarded him $925,000 in damages. The company paid settlements to resolve ten cases last year, and 15 similar ones are pending. Former managers have set up an organization called S.A.P.S. (Sambo's Association for Partnership Survival)

The restaurant chain has also been suffering from a major image problem. Black groups for years were offended by the company name, which brings to mind the children's story *Little Black Sambo*. For this reason, the city government in Toledo tried unsuccessfully to block the opening of a restaurant there in 1978. The company denies the charge, claiming "Sambo's" is a combination of the names of its two founders, Sam Battistone Sr. and F. Newell Bohnett. The company finally decided to switch rather than continue fighting. If No Place Like Sam's leads to sales increases in the Northeast, the company may adopt it nationally.

The new name is part of the rescue operation launched after City Investing Co., a New York conglomerate experienced in resurrecting ailing companies, completed buying 34% of the chain for $29 million in 1980. Last January the new management filed a $100 million lawsuit against 28 former company officials, including Battistone and Bohnett, charging that they had inflated profits and expanded the chain too rapidly.

Chairman Daniel R. Shaughnessy, 54, the former chief financial officer at rival Howard Johnson, is director of the operation to save Sambo's. In addition to the new name, he has tried to change the chain's reputation as primarily a place for breakfast by offering lunch specials for $1.99 and dinners for $2.99. Shaughnessy also cut costs by slashing the corporate headquarters staff near Santa Barbara, Calif., from 641 people to 303.

Wall Street analysts are skeptical that the new name and tight budgets will be enough to save Sambo's. Competition in the fast food business is fierce; displeased clients are quick to eat some place else and slow to return. Says Levern Graves, an economic consultant familiar with the chain's problems: "The only thing Sambo's has been proficient at producing in the past few years is litigation." ■

Former Manager Cattin at his old restaurant

When in Need, Rent a Preppie

The runaway success of *The Official Preppy Handbook* (more than 1 million copies sold) proved that the American preppie is a marketable commodity. Now three young men from the suburbs around Louisville are turning the prep school image into a profitable business.

Michael Raus, Jonathan Osler and Byron Burge, who finished private school in the Louisville area in June, faced the prospect of an endless summer without a job before they entered college. The trio then decided to exploit their preppie cachet. They assembled about 25 well-scrubbed young men and women to do odd jobs in the well-heeled area and called their new enterprise Preps for Rent. The basic company uniform: Lacoste shirts, Top Siders and khaki pants or shorts. For $7 an hour, this upper-class job corps mows lawns, serves drinks and paints houses.

At least one client complains that untrained high school graduates are not worth $7 an hour, which is more than double the $3.35 minimum hourly wage. But other customers are more worried about those uniforms. "The first thing I thought was that I hope they don't get paint on the expensive Izod shirts," says Mary Remmers, who hired the prep corps to do some painting. "I'd tell my own children to wear something scroungy."

PATRICK PFISTER

Company Founders Burge, Osler and Raus

The preppie gimmick is working. In July the newly incorporated outfit did $3,000 worth of business, nearly triple the amount in June, and August looks even better. Osler's older brother, an attorney, is conducting a trademark search, seeking to protect the name, and the trio has hired two more preppies to run the company while they are studying next year. Osler says that they may even franchise the business. So far, the only setback for Preps for Rent was when a local bank refused to allow them to print an alligator on their checks.

Treat Williams pondering the informer's path in *Prince of the City*

Cinema

Vise Squad

PRINCE OF THE CITY
Directed by Sidney Lumet
Screenplay by Jay Presson Allen and Sidney Lumet

He's smart, tough, successful and full of pride. He is, in his early 30s, a member of a New York police elite. The Special Investigating Unit has amassed an impressive record of convictions in major crimes—drug busts, police and other governmental corruption. He is, in the words of an admiring judge, one of the city's princes.

But princes, as everyone long ago learned from the fairy tales, can be turned into frogs. This relentless and terrifying movie is about how the organs of the state —acting in the best interests of society really—can do that to a man. For Danny Ciello (Treat Williams) knows that in enforcing the law, he and his partners have also bent the law. They have supplied confiscated drugs in return for help from junkie informers. Some of the money they have found on arrested dealers has ended up in their pockets. Beyond that, Ciello —whose story is based on that of New York Detective Robert Leuci a decade ago—knows much, much more, mostly about who in law enforcement is on the take. By his own code, Ciello sees himself as honorable: he has never taken a bribe to let a criminal go free or betrayed his detective partners. But his sins of commission and omission nag at him, and when an insinuating investigator from what eventually becomes a special commission on police corruption begins working on his guilts, he agrees to become an undercover operative. His only condition is that he not be required to inform on his best friends, the men on his team.

Ciello-Leuci is a man who feels fully alive only when he is at high risk—when, say, wired for sound he collects evidence from Mafiosi about cops they have suborned. But this movie is a moral, not a criminal, investigation. The people he works for have cases to break, headlines to make, careers at stake. They need to squeeze every drop of usefulness out of him; he needs to defend his honor by refusing to rat on his friends. By the end he has gently been led to the most terrible betrayals of self, friends and family who must now live under guard and threat of death. And so slowly, undramatically, have the jaws of the vise closed on him it is impossible to say when they started to draw blood.

One of this movie's strengths is that it passes no judgment on the relative merits of Leuci's code and the more impersonal workings of the criminal code. Nor does it speculate on motives. It merely presents the behavior of people under pressure and causes the viewer to wonder whether anyone would have done better in similar circumstances.

Lumet has often been able to elicit electrifying performances from his lead actors, and here Treat Williams joins the likes of Al Pacino in *Serpico* and Peter Finch in *Network*. But Lumet is just as skilled at finding, among little-known or even unprofessional actors, those faces that taken together compose a vision —grotesque, but never inhuman—of the urban landscape.

Prince of the City is a very long film —close to three hours—but not a frame of it could be dispensed with. The movie torments precisely because it so painfully details its protagonist's slow, unaware descent into a nightmare of moral ambiguity that is indistinguishable from madness. Or hell.

—By Richard Schickel

Milestones

MARRIED. Jaclyn Smith, 35, TV actress *(Charlie's Angels, The Users);* and **Tony Richmond,** 39, British-born cinematographer; she for the third time, he for the second; in Los Angeles. The couple met in Arizona while both were working on the 1980 television film *Nightkill*.

DIED. John Passmore Widgery, 70, Britain's Lord Chief Justice from 1971 until his retirement last year; in London. An incisive debater with a formidable grasp of complicated issues, Widgery led a controversial inquiry that absolved the British army of gross misconduct in the 1972 shooting of 13 Roman Catholics during a demonstration in Londonderry, Northern Ireland. He helped to make a number of landmark decisions on freedom of the press, including the reversal of obscenity convictions against three editors of the satirical magazine *Oz* in 1971.

DIED. Ray Bliss, 73, veteran strategist of the Republican Party who, as its national chairman, played a key role in rebuilding the organization after Barry Goldwater's crushing loss to Lyndon Johnson in the 1964 presidential race; in Akron. After working in the 1931 mayoral election in his native Akron, Bliss rose through the G.O.P. ranks to become state chairman in 1949 and three years later joined the Republican National Committee, a post he retained until his retirement from politics last year. As national chairman from 1965 to 1969, he re-established the party's ties to young people, blacks and intellectuals and provided the base for Richard Nixon's presidential victory in 1968. A party loyalist with a preference for working behind the scenes, Bliss once said: "If I wanted to make policy, I should go out and run for office and make speeches. I'd rather build up our candidates, not Ray Bliss."

DIED. Melvyn Douglas, 80, veteran stage and film actor and a two-time Oscar winner for his supporting roles in *Hud* (1963) and *Being There* (1979); of pneumonia; in New York City. The son of Russian-born Concert Pianist Edouard Hesselberg, Douglas made his Broadway debut in 1928. In 1931 he married Actress Helen Gahagan, who later became a noted political activist and Congresswoman from California. After establishing himself as a suave, romantic leading man during the 1930s and 1940s by playing opposite such stars as Greta Garbo *(Ninotchka)*, Gloria Swanson *(Tonight or Never)* and Joan Crawford *(A Woman's Face)*, Douglas shifted to first-rate character portrayals in such films as *Billy Budd* (1962), *The Americanization of Emily* (1964) and *I Never Sang for My Father* (1970). Douglas, who had just completed his 77th film, *Ghost Story*, which is scheduled for release in December, recently declared: "Much of what we did in the old days was junk. I don't share the intense nostalgia for those films that some people do."

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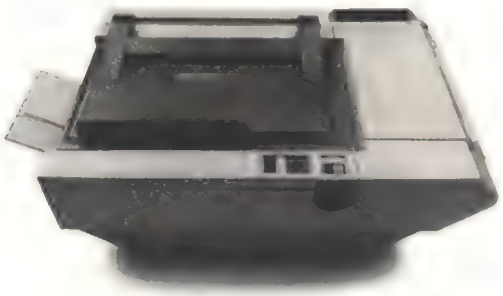

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All That Glitters Is Sold

From scarves to sandals, the metallic look is flashy—and hot

The customer in a Chicago shoe boutique wanted something to set off a new dress that would also go with the rest of her wardrobe. The salesclerk asked hopefully: "Have you thought of pewter?" The customer looked blank for a moment, then replied: "Not since I last bought beer mugs."

Well, dear lady, think again. The well-dressed woman may once have considered a metallic accessory to be on the order of rings, bracelets, necklaces and earrings. Beyond that, anything more than a gold-accent belt or an evening clutch in gold thread was generally regarded as rather tacky. Now, however, the fashion industry has struck a mother lode in a new sort of metallics. The season's liveliest accessories—belts, buckles, totes, handbags, scarves, T shirts, sandals, shoes and hats are flashing and gleaming with finishes of gold, silver, bronze, copper, pewter and even anthracite. Nor does the style show any signs of fading with the summer. In fashion salons from Paris to New York City, designers are practicing an alchemy that promises a dazzling fall collection not only of metallic accessories but of metallic tops, jumpsuits, jackets, sweaters, skirts and boots. Says *Vogue* Editor Grace Mirabella: "The question this fall is not going to be whether to wear it, but, rather, how much of it should you wear."

To be sure, lamé jumpsuits and sequined evening gowns have been around since Cher was in knickers. For Dede Dolce, 43, a mother of three teenagers from Culver City, Calif., metallics recall the days of sequined Capri pants and speckled harlequin glasses. Gazing into the glittering windows of Saks in Beverly Hills, Dolce muses: "The whole thing reminds me of Palm Springs à la 1950." But the current gilt trip, according to Mirabella, began in the spring of 1980 with French Designer Yves Saint Laurent's ready-to-wear collection. His show included a gold leather skirt and a gold-threaded scarf. The look quickly followed the path of least resistance to Saint-Tropez, where gold-brocaded jogging shorts, silver bikinis and gold jackets over denim skirts became as common last summer, says one Saint-Tropez shopkeeper, "as button-down shirts on Wall Street."

Pewter and suede from Bendel

Raingear, bags and belts at Bloomingdale's

Bronzed separates by Designer Norma Fink

Ever since metallics hit U.S. shores last summer, all that glittered has been quickly sold. In New York City, sales at Bloomingdale's have been multiplying by the week. Macy's has moved more than 250 bronze leather T shirts at $150 each and has a lengthy waiting list of customers for the next shipment. At Joseph Magnin in Los Angeles, customers snapped up 60 pairs of $57 Martini Osvaldo metallic sandals in a single day. Says Magnin Buyer Laura Rosenthal: "I've never seen anything come close to that record—not even when go-go boots were in." At Saks in Chicago, the gold rush has been similarly frantic. Says General Manager Marvin Cooper: "We haven't pulled the metallics together in one department yet, because we can't keep them in stock long enough."

Prices for the new accessories vary so greatly that almost anyone can satisfy that metal urge. In New York City, street vendors hawk bronze leather shoulder bags for $23. A similar item at New York's Henri Bendel runs $165. Metallic belts can range from $2 for a gold cinch to $200 for a Judith Leiber number with handcrafted metal buckles from Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles. Miami's tony Twenty-Four Collection is devoting its entire holiday catalogue to metallics, from $124 gold-sprayed straw hats to $1,800 gold-striped snakeskin jackets. A gun-metal sweatshirt from Ultimo in Chicago runs $700 to $1,200.

Metallics can both set off a new wardrobe and spruce up an old one. Says Bendel President Geraldine Stutz: "It's fancy as opposed to plain, and we've had a big dose of plain." Kathy Byrne, 23, daughter of Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne, sports her pink, gold and blue metallic sandals to official events, including a recent reception for President Reagan. Says she: "I wear them to work and out for the evening. I have a metallic purse and earrings, and some gold-and-white bloomers that can be casual or dressy. I like the look because it's shiny, kind of Hollywoodish. It makes you feel like a star." *—By E. Graydon Carter. Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York, with other U.S. bureaus*

Dying Buffalo Shot with an Arrow, 1832-33: the mythic menace of a Minotaur

Buffalo Bull's Back Fat, head chief, Blood Tribe, 1832

Art

Chronicler of a Dying Race

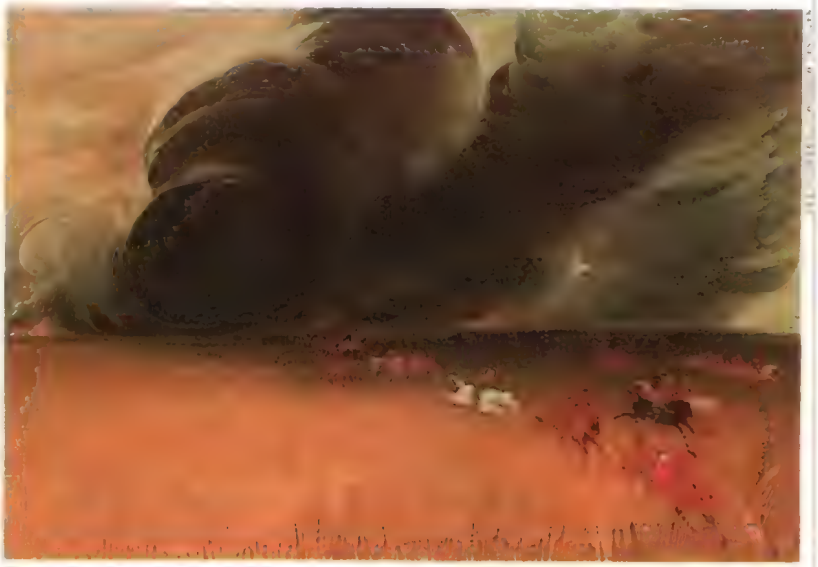
With honest craft, George Catlin painted Indians as they were

Malevolent but pathetic, dying but dangerous, the buffalo looms from the canvas in all his massive black bulk, with the mythic menace of a dying Minotaur. Two linked tents frame a ceremony in a design as elegant as that on a Japanese screen. An Indian family flees from an approaching prairie fire whose stylized billows Charles Burchfield might have envied, across a field of endless prairie grass that Andrew Wyeth might have emulated. A Blackfoot chief stares at the viewer with the arrogance of long command—and the despair of one who knows his nation is doomed.

These and others of the paintings of George Catlin (1796-1872) have been specially selected and hung in the National Museum of American Art in Washington this summer by Curator William H. Truettner, with the intent of demonstrating that Catlin was not just a prime chronicler and champion of the beleaguered American Indian—which he was—but also a considerable artist in his own right.

It is a judgment that critics and public alike have withheld ever since Catlin exhibited his Indian studies in 1837 in New York City, in a hall that he rather grandiosely labeled the Indian Gallery. In his own day nobody of any consequence thought of him as a major painter—least of all Catlin himself. Even though he had established himself by the 1820s as a workaday miniaturist-portraitist in Philadelphia, he freely conceded that others were better at what he called "the limited and slavish branch of the arts in which I am wasting my life and substance for a bare living."

The turning point of Catlin's career (as he describes it with a memory notorious for its adjustments of facts to drama) came when a delegation of Indian chiefs passed through Philadelphia in 1826 on the way to Washington. Catlin was fascinated by their exotic dress, their fierce bearing and, above all, their dignity. He resolved to become their historian. As he wrote: "I have flown to their rescue—not of their lives or of their race (for they are 'doomed' and must perish), but to the rescue of their looks and their modes, at which the acquisitive world may hurl poison and every besom of destruction, and



Prairie Meadows Burning, 1832: a clear eye that neither flinched from nor fudged the essential

"Where the rivers are yellow . . . the dogs are all wolves, women are slaves, men all lords"

trample them down and crush them to death; yet, phoenix-like, they may rise ... and live again upon canvas."

It was an ambitious resolve, but unlike those of many another 33-year-old, it was carried out. Leaving his new, young wife behind, Catlin set out for the territory beyond the Mississippi. For six years he traveled the farthest reaches of the frontier, where a white man had about equal chances of being offered a peace pipe or getting an arrow through his throat.

His first sponsor was the redoubtable General William Clark (of Lewis and Clark fame), who took him along on a primitive steamship that pushed its way up the Missouri for 2,000 miles. Catlin returned by canoe with only two companions, clambering bluffs to sketch vistas, parlaying with chiefs to paint their portraits, draping wolf skins over his shoulders to stalk grazing buffalo on his hands and knees.

The Six, chief of the Plains Ojibwa: a new image of dignity

After six years of wandering, he had produced a galaxy of portraits and vignettes that dramatically changed the image of Indians held by the sophisticates of the East Coast. Catlin painted the Indians as they were—not as the noble warriors of James Fenimore Cooper's imagination nor as the skulking, treacherous killers of the settlers' fears. But even then, he staked his reputation on his faithfulness as a reporter rather than on his skill as an artist. As he wrote in a catalogue of his paintings, "Since every painting has been made from nature by my own hand —and that too when I have been paddling my canoe or leading my pack horse over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of my life—the world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to forgive me from their present unfinished and unstudied condition as works of art."

The public took him at his word and flocked to his Indian Gallery. In a time before photography, he provided the first real glimpse of the Indian in his native habitat. The art critics, who tended to take their standards from Europe, were at best condescending—the lowly Indian and his customs were not after all fit subjects for the historical-mythological aesthetic of the times, nor did Catlin's style accord with a taste that was bemused by the misty-moist romanticism of the Hudson River school. Moreover, Catlin probably did his artistic reputation no good by organizing his "Indian Exhibition" into a traveling show, featuring himself as chief lecturer and including wigwams, authentic headdresses, costumes and even a few scalps he had brought back as souvenirs of his travels.

The cause of the vanishing Indian became an obsession that dominated the rest of Catlin's life. He pestered Congress to buy his collection, and when it declined, took the whole shebang to England. There he happily found himself feted as a celebrity and a conversationalist (trimly stocky and handsome, he had great social presence). His Indian dancers performed for Queen Victoria and later for France's King Louis Philippe. He lived grandly and, despite his success, always just beyond his means. He published two volumes of his adventures, illustrated with his own drawings and displaying an exuberant narrative style. He described the Blackfoot-Crow country as a land "where the buffaloes range with the elk and the fleet-bounding antelope; where wolves are white and bears grizzly; where the rivers are yellow ... the dogs are all wolves, women are slaves, men all lords." All this was imbued with a sympathy for the Indians shared by few of his countrymen, full as they were of their vision of manifest destiny. As an account of Indian life, his notebooks deserve comparison to Francis Parkman's more conscientious but less lively *Oregon Trail*.

A self-portrait of Catlin at work

Equal chances of a peace pipe or an arrow.

Catlin's last years are a story of disappointed hopes, bad investments and increasingly pressing debts. In 1852 he was briefly jailed as a debtor in London. He was rescued by an American named Joseph Harrison, a manufacturer of locomotives, who paid off Catlin's creditors in exchange for his Indian paintings and artifacts. Harrison shipped the collection back to Philadelphia, where it was stowed in the basement of his boiler factory for 27 years. Catlin spent ten of those years in a small apartment in Brussels, living as a recluse and trying to recoup his fortunes with new trips to South America and to the Indian country west of the Rockies.

To reconstitute his collection, he did many rough drawings and paintings from memory, without much success: "In my whole life I was never so near starving to death as now," he wrote a friend from Brussels. His social life was sharply impaired by increasing deafness. At 74, he brought his renewed collection of some 600 items to the U.S., where it got small attention. But the Smithsonian invited him to display them and, as a bonus, allowed him to live in a small tower room. Within a year, Catlin fell seriously ill and, at 76, died. Congress had still refused to buy his collection; not until six years after his death was Harrison's heir persuaded to donate it to the Smithsonian.

Catlin was no colorist. His drawing did not approach the swirling dynamism of a Remington; his technique could not compass the majestic grandeur that Bierstadt gave to the Rockies. Many of his figures were cursorily laid in, and many of his landscapes were studded with stylized hills that suggest haste rather than observation. But his candid style has an impact on the modern viewer that Remington's hyped-up romanticism no longer does. His so-called ineptness of drawing has been re-evaluated in the wake of the incisive simplicities of a Douanier Rousseau or even a John Kane. He relied on a plain clarity of eye in an age in which this virtue ranked rather low. Catlin's Indians were men of dignity, and Catlin met them and painted them with honesty. He neither flinched from it nor fudged it. And by the mere fact of painting only the essential—either because of an absence of "taste" or through an innate instinct for the essential—he achieved a kind of authenticity that in retrospect none of his more celebrated colleagues could rival.

It may be that Catlin is a painter whose past has come. At any rate, as the Washington exhibition clearly demonstrates, he wrought better than he knew.

—By A.T. Baker

It's a Whole New Ball Game

Trick or treat, the split season may not end until Halloween

The calendar may read August, but pay no attention. It turned out to be April in Chicago last week as the owners of the 26 major league baseball clubs voted to split the season in two and hold a second set of divisional races, rather than pick up play where it broke off June 11 because of the players' strike. The division leaders at that time—the New York Yankees, Oakland A's, Philadelphia Phillies and Los Angeles Dodgers—were declared winners of the first season, and will meet the winners of the second season in three-out-of-five game playoffs starting Oct. 6. If the same club captures both races, it will play the team with the best record for the full year, excluding the first-half leader. Playoffs for the league pennants will be pushed back a week, with the chilly promise that the World Series will begin on Oct. 20 and wind up by Halloween

The plan is plainly designed to quicken the interest of fans and make turnstiles click faster. Exults Mick McHugh, a rabid Seattle Mariners fan whose team was 14½ games out of first place: "It's like a guy on death row, and all of a sudden they say, 'We're gonna commute your sentence.' It's a new lease on life." Adds Manager Bill Virdon, whose Astros were mired in third place after winning their division last year: "Every city has a chance to get back into baseball fresh. And a fresh start is what everybody needs at this point."

Yet the formula was fiercely opposed by some clubs, especially those who were within striking distance of divisional leaders. One unfortunate possibility: a club could amass the best overall record and be shut out of the playoffs because it did not win either half. Some baseball people also fear that teams already guaranteed berths in the playoffs will not play their best in the "second" season. As Shortstop Larry Bowa of the Phillies put it, "What's the incentive?" More disturbing, a first-half winning team could try to dictate its opponent in the playoffs. If the Yankees, say, preferred to play Milwaukee, they could conceivably ease up on the Brewers in the regular season. Though no American League owners voted against the plan, the National League, which requires a three-fourths approval by its members, barely gave its consent, 9 to 3. Some purists lamented that the maneuver robbed the lovely game of its season-long rhythms, as if a mile-long race was stopped at the half-mile mark, then resumed a week later. "They made a mockery of the game," said Duane Wolfe, a fan from Columbia, Mo.

Most of the groans heard last week, however, came from players straining to get into shape for the second opening day. Most worked out regularly in the early days of the strike, but slacked off as hopes for a settlement faded. Few were as conscientious as Pete Rose of the Phillies, who took as many as 400 swings every day against an automatic pitching machine. Rose, 40, tied Stan Musial's National League record of 3,630 hits two days before the strike began, and doubts that lost playing time will wreck his chance of topping Ty Cobb's record of 4,191 hits. "If I get close enough to Cobb's record," says Rose, "Johnson & Johnson will keep

Valenzuela winding up for the new season

Coach Ray Miller watches his Oriole ace

Rose whiffs in exhibition game against Baltimore while Martin, above, greets a young fan

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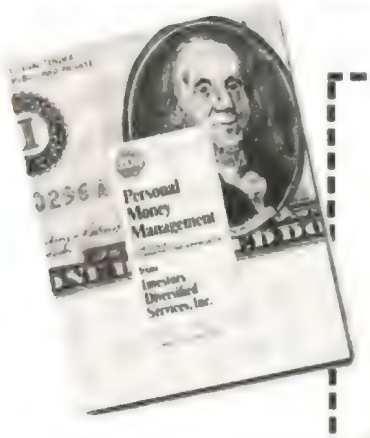

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me together long enough to make it."

Unfortunately, nothing in the clubhouse medicine chest can salve the feelings of fans deprived of their favorite sport for seven long weeks. There were some encouraging signs: the Texas Rangers drew more than 35,000 for an exhibition game against the Houston Astros, and 7,000 Detroiters turned up for a Tigers practice game. But ticket sales at most stadium windows were sluggish, and club officials were busy dreaming up schemes to lure customers back into the stands. The Phillies and San Francisco Giants rescheduled their Fourth of July fireworks extravaganzas. The Montreal Expos offered to swap two tickets to a future game for every ticket canceled by the strike, and San Diego Padres Owner Ray Kroc declared that all 50,000 seats at Jack Murphy Stadium would be free for his team's second season opener against the Atlanta Braves. "It's our way of telling the fans we're sorry," said Kroc solemnly.

On the field, the two-month hiatus and truncated schedule may play havoc with this year's forecasts. With pitchers such as Jim Palmer, Steve Stone and Mike Flanagan, the Orioles are a team designed to wear out opponents over the long haul, which they were in an excellent position to do just before the strike began. But the schedule gives them a compensating advantage: 31 of their final 51 games are at home. The schedule has been cruel to the Brewers, putting them on the road for 31 of their 53 remaining contests, and downright perverse with the White Sox, sending them on a 16-game road trip in the middle of the air-controllers' strike. For Manager Billy Martin and his youthful A's the split season was a mixed blessing: they have a playoff spot in hand but now have to contend again with the Kansas City Royals, last year's American League champions, whose slump left them twelve games out and going nowhere when play was suspended.

In the National League East, the St. Louis Cardinals, who were only 1½ games behind the Phillies when the strike began, will have a tough task from now on, playing 30 of 52 games away from home. In the N.L. West, the Cincinnati Reds, a mere half game behind the Dodgers last June, should benefit from the possible return of Catcher Johnny Bench, who is recovering from a broken ankle. Fans will be interested to see if Dodger Pitcher Fernando Valenzuela, 20, recaptures the magic he had at the beginning of the season.

At the outset, play will probably be lackluster. Pitchers will have trouble going more than five innings, and the timing of hitters will be rusty. On the other hand, players should not lose their energy and enthusiasm, as they sometimes do at the end of a long season. Orioles Manager Earl Weaver promises: "You'll be seeing some great baseball between now and October." For the game's sake, he better be right. *—By James Kelly. Reported by Dean Brelis/New York and Steven Holmes/Chicago, with other U.S. bureaus*

Theater

New York on the Sands of Malibu

THE SUPPORTING CAST *by George Furth*

The limelight of fame casts its deepest shadow on those who stand next to it. That is Playwright Furth's proposition in this crackling light comedy. In a belated bid for personal visibility, Ellen (Hope Lange) has written an intimately detailed *roman à clef* profiling her Pulitzer-prizewinning *(Presidents and Precedents)* novelist husband and a quartet of her best friends.

Instant backlash strikes Ellen. Her unseen husband has barely leafed through the last page when he leaves her and the children in a foul snit. The play's focus and flavor are pinpointed in the first sentence of Ellen's book: "My mother always told me to stick with winners. But if I had, I'd never have met my four friends."

Meet them she does, as do we, in William Ritman's stunningly designed Malibu beach house. Ellen has invited her four friends to lunch, praying that her book will not cause a scene. In common, each is a New Yorker and a supporting cast of one to somebody famous.

The Hatfield and McCoy feud between N.Y. and L.A. is fueled at Broadway's Biltmore Theater by Furth's comic sniper fire. In Director Gene Saks' nimble hands, the characters suffer the gauntlet of Pacific perils from mudslides to brushfires to shudderingly mirthful earthquakes. Furth's people are antic and simpatico. Mae (Betty Garrett) has been an offstage mother to her orchestra conductor son since he first brandished a baton. That he is 40 and a bachelor mortifies her, but not as much as having blurted out on a TV interview that he was not a homosexual.

The kook is Sally. Who else but Sandy Dennis? Sally's Congressman husband ("presidential material") has deserted her for another woman, who, according to Sally, "is as neurotic as I used to be." Coming from a pill-popping vodka swigger, this brings down the house. Dennis' ability to widen her eyes in engrossed shell shock, like a child who has dropped an ice cream cone, and to filter her voice through obdurate adenoids makes her an enduringly dotty delight.

A manicured silver mane crowns Jack Gilford's head, but he tugs an imaginary forelock to his hit playwright wife. As for Joyce Van Patten, endlessly dutiful homemaker to a fabulous screen idol, she scoops up her lines with the hilariously harried rush of a mother on a late laundry run. Naturally, the four friends wolf into the beastly book before the food, and it gives them premature ptomaine. But soon they are consoling themselves with the memory of an ace dumbo friend named Cleo. When Cleo heard that a guest was "bringing the bagels" to her dinner party, she set two extra places.

To stomach some of the silly shenanigans in this show, the playgoer should be prepared to do the same. Though Furth licks the platter clean with happy endings, he somewhat blurs his main point. Ellen's fervent assurance to her four friends is that they nobly serve who merely stand in waiting. But the friends perk up only when they realize that her tattletale bestseller is going to immerse them in autograph-seeking cocktail parties, late-night TV talk shows and curbside genuflections from the unwashed. At last, they too will be glitterati. *—By T.E. Kalem*

Betty Garrett, Sandy Dennis and Joyce Van Patten in *The Supporting Cast*

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South American Gothic

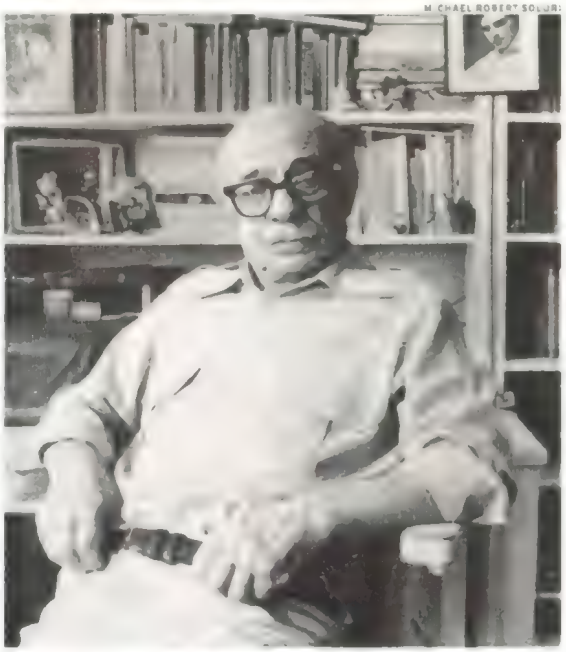
ON HEROES AND TOMBS *by Ernesto Sábato; Godine; 479 pages; $17.95*

First published in Argentina in 1961, this long novel had to wait nearly 20 years for a suitable English translation (by Helen R. Lane) and a willing U.S. publisher. In the meantime, *Sobre Héroes y Tumbas* confirmed Ernesto Sábato's home-grown reputation as one of South America's leading writers and, when translations began spreading, brought him world-class praise. It is good that English-speaking readers can finally join this celebration and sad that they must come so late. Some of the novel's topicality has dimmed over the years; memories of Juan Perón's early days in power were fresher and more highly charged when Sábato wrote than they can be now. Immersed as it is in politics and history, *On Heroes and Tombs* has itself become something of a historical artifact.

Yet Sábato, now 70, used the trappings of public life in Buenos Aires in the mid-'50s to examine the phenomenon of suffering, a subject immune to passing time or fashions. Argentine life provides surface chaos. An attempt to overthrow Perón brings bombs raining down on a city plaza; Peronists retaliate by sacking and burning Roman Catholic churches. Beneath all this noise, the novel circles slowly around an internal mystery, announced at the outset: a woman named Alejandra murders a man named Fernando and then sets the scene of the crime on fire, immolating herself. The event draws attention because it involves members of a prominent, though sadly faded, old family. Particularly horrified is a dreamy, morose young man named Martín, who has had a tortured affair with Alejandra. Roughly the first half of the novel tells their story.

Meeting him in a public park, Alejandra chooses Martín as a companion for reasons that he never quite fathoms. She is erratic, tempestuous, given to long, unexplained absences and indifferent to Martín's growing passion and love. She takes him to the crumbling family home, populated now by a few aging relatives in varying stages of derangement. She suffers what appears to be an epileptic fit, recovers and falls asleep. Martín watches and realizes that he cannot save her: "It was as if the prince ... had at last found himself before the cavern where the beauty is sleeping, guarded by the dragon. And as if, moreover, he had become aware that the dragon was not a menacing creature there at her side watching over her, as we imagine him in the myths of our childhood, but instead, and much more frighteningly, a creature inside of her: as if she were a dragon-princess."

Alejandra seems fated to go mad and to kill Fernando, the father whom she has tried to repudiate. With its hints of incest and its portrait of a doomed family hagridden by history, Alejandra's tale is South American gothic at its most feverish. But Sábato interrupts this narrative, just before the murder, with a long and astounding digression, written by Fernando in anticipation of the death that he knows awaits him.



Ernesto Sábato: circling slowly around an internal mystery

"Report on the Blind" records Fernando's descent into the maelstrom of paranoia. He is convinced that blind people are secretly organized in a vast conspiratorial network and that they "rule the world, by way of nightmares and fits of delirium, hallucinations, plagues and witches, soothsayers and birds, serpents, and in general, all the monsters of darkness and caverns." By spying on an acquaintance who has recently been blinded in an accident, Fernando hopes to penetrate the mysteries of "the Sect" and prove to the world that he is not the victim of a persecution mania. His report, of course, demonstrates the opposite, but its crazed internal logic is eerily persuasive, and frequently hilarious. Fernando sees things in odd ways. He remembers visiting Switzerland: "The first time I passed through that country I had the impression that it was swept down with a broom from one end to the other every morning by housewives (who of course dumped all the dirt on Italy)."

After this monologue, a sustained tour de force, the pace of the novel flags. Fernando's earlier life is filled in; the grieving Martín comes to some acceptance of Alejandra's death. He is comforted by Bruno, an older man who had loved both Alejandra and her mother. Bruno argues that writers can assuage the tragedy that is life: "And thus, in a sense dreaming for everyone, these vulnerable beings contrive to rise above their individual unhappiness and become interpreters and even (suffering) redeemers of the collective destiny."

On Heroes and Tombs is not a tidy novel. Trying to embrace more than it can contain, it strains after the ineffable. Its various parts do not seem to belong together. But the same thing is true of many mythological creatures, odd beasts startled up into life by the stirrings of the unconscious. Sábato's ideas are sometimes commonplace, and his daylight scenes blurred or unconvincing. But he is a powerful and unforgettable dreamer. —*By Paul Gray*

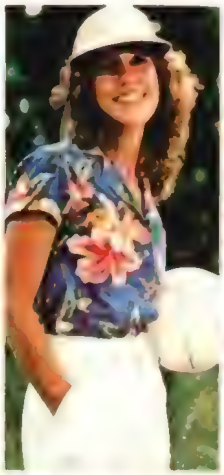
Excerpt

"How did I arrive back home again? How did the blind let me out of that room in the center of a labyrinth? I do not know. But I do know that all of that happened, exactly as I have recounted it. Including—most importantly—that last dark day.

I also know that my days are numbered and that death awaits me. And one thing seems strange and incomprehensible to me: the fact that this death awaits me and will come about because in a certain sense I myself have so willed it, for no one will come looking for me here and I myself will be the one who goes, who *must go*, to the place where the prophecy will be fulfilled.

Cunning, the will to live, desperation have caused me to imagine a thousand ways of fleeing, a thousand ways of escaping my fate. But how can one escape one's own destiny?"

FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE PERFORMANCE



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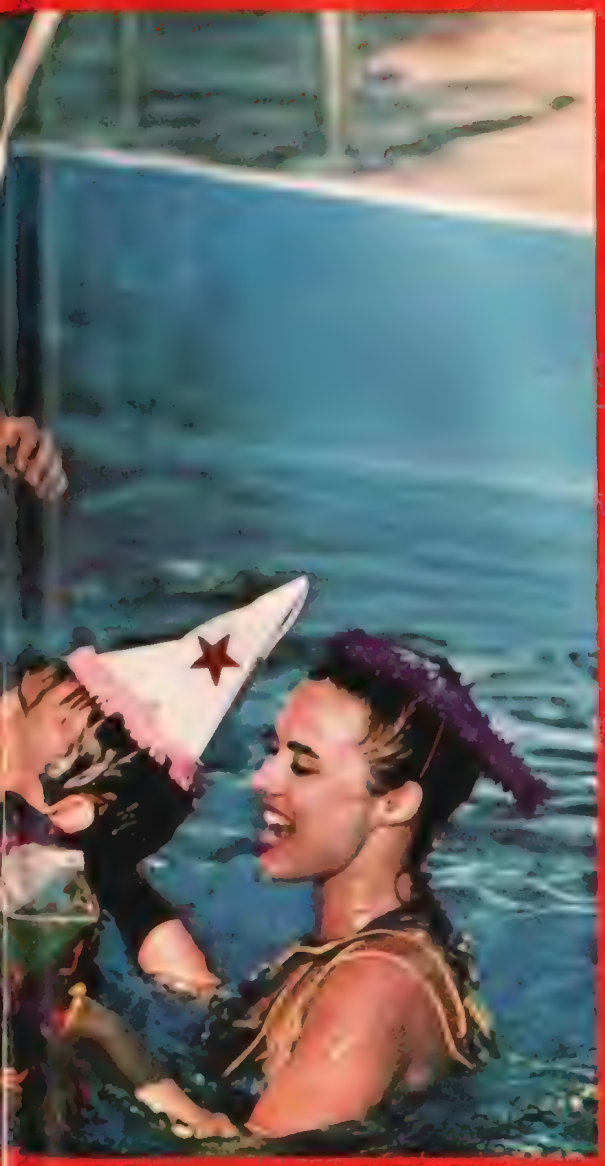

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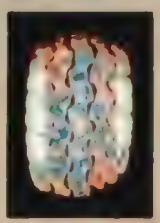

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Deafening Roar

ANGEL OF LIGHT
by Joyce Carol Oates
Dutton; 434 pages; $15.50

There has always been something off-putting about the fiction of Joyce Carol Oates, even when, as in her short stories, it is at its most controlled and least melodramatic. What sets the teeth on edge is not the appalling prolificacy that has driven her to turn out 13 novels, eleven collections of stories, three books of criticism and five volumes of poetry in less than two decades while maintaining a full university schedule. It is not the au-

Joyce Carol Oates
Even bloodier than 20th century life

thor's bloodthirstiness—her plots are more sanguinary even than real life in the 20th century—or the unvarying overburden of emotions that lies on all of her characters and all of her situations

The sense of monstrousness that arises from her work seems to have its source in an unbridgeable gap between the highly rational and ordered intelligence of the writer, and the chaos and hysteria of nearly everything she writes about. Thus, perhaps, her chronic melodrama, her pumping of more emotion into situations than they have been built to withstand

The latest model from the Oates fiction factory, *Angel of Light*, is an anthology of the author's excesses. The flaccid, irritating soap opera is jerry-built around the hatreds of a wealthy family in Washington, D.C. A senior bureaucrat, Maurice Halleck, head of the "Commission for the Ministry of Justice," has died, apparently by suicide, after seeming to confess to bribe taking. Halleck's two nearly grown children, drug-frazzled Kirsten and lard-witted Owen, vow to wreak vengeance on their gorgeous mother Isabel, and their father's best friend from boyhood, whom they take to be the killers. Here, as elsewhere, the author has far more energy than her characters, who sag into torpor when she busies herself with other scenes and lurch groggily back into motion when she summons them again.

Terrorists enter the situation, although not explosively enough or early enough to save the book. The reader is trapped for lengthy incoherent chapters in the minds of Owen and his sister, specimens who would have a psychiatrist looking at his watch well before the end of each 50-minute hour. The only breaks come in equally long and profitless flashbacks to the boyhood of Maurice Halleck. The writing here is of the "It was a dark and stormy night" variety that Snoopy, the *Peanuts* dog, concocts whenever he tries to write his own novel. Halleck and his friend take a canoe trip, and he is nearly drowned in "the deafening roar" of the wild Loughrea. This is a Celtic place name, used for a Canadian river. But it sounds almost exactly like *logorrhea*, and in this sibylline choice, abused readers will take malicious pleasure.

—By John Skow

Notable

BOGMAIL
by Patrick McGinley
Ticknor & Fields; 259 pages; $9.95

Pub Owner Roarty tries to kill his philandering barman Eamonn Eales with a toadstool omelet. When the poison fails, the publican does in the cad with a volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. So begins this loopy yarn, set in the misty, myth-ridden hills and bogs of County Donegal, northwest Ireland. Once his victim is buried deep in the peat, Roarty begins to receive demanding notes from "Bogmailer." The mystery meanders with Irish indirection to a surprising last-minute plot twist, employing a cast of tavern regulars that Flann O'Brien or Dylan Thomas would have stood to a round.

Cor Mogaill, Roary Rua, Gimp Gillespie, Old Crubog and the Englishman Potter down their Guinnesses under Roarty's suspicious eye and argue why earthworms are scarce and if a doe hare drops her kits all in one den. Roarty's bizarre attempts to unveil his blackmailer also reveal the tragicomedy of the Other Ireland. Locals fight the design of a new church—"a cube surmounted by a cone"—and investigate a blackguard who steals the priest's maid's knickers from the wash line. Without the precisely plotted mystery, this might merely be another scenic tour of Eire. But *Bogmail* is something more: "A novel with murder." McGinley has concocted a different brew in this fine first thriller. Good health to him, and many more of the same

SLADE'S GLACIER
by Robert F. Jones
Simon & Schuster; 205 pages; $10.95

In his third and best novel, Robert F. Jones tracks the elemental grandeur of Alaska from feral Eden to pipeline ruination. In 1950 Bush-Pilot Buddies Jack Slade and Sam Healey are forced to land their aging C-47 in the icy outback. Charlie Blue, a Tlingit Indian shaman, appears and assists them through a surpassingly beautiful valley to rescue. The pilots promise to return, but before they can, Healey leaves Slade holding a smoking pistol and a murder rap in the wake of a saloon brawl. End of partnership. Slade settles down to homestead the secret valley. Thirty years later Healey ruthlessly claims a lake of high-grade petroleum that lies beneath the glacial moraine.

Jones' cast are rawboned archetypes. Debts to Hemingway and Jack London are duly paid. But a peculiar vein of mysticism transforms the tale. Exerting his territorial imperative, for instance, Slade is aided by a transubstantial raven, a platoon of aged Japanese marines (survivors of a 1940s infiltration of the Aleutian Islands), and the icebound corpses of prehistoric mammoths. But the grand gesture proves as impermanent as the ice. In the end, nothing can withstand the relentless oil thirst of the "Outside." Yet the Pyrrhic stand has its effect: progress is stopped long enough for the reader to appreciate the value of natural utopias —and a fiction that salutes them. ■

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Third Deadly Sin, *Sanders* (2 last week)
2. Noble House, *Clavell* (1)
3. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins* (3)
4. The Glitter Dome, *Wambaugh* (4)
5. God Emperor of Dune, *Herbert* (6)
6. Gorky Park, *Smith* (5)
7. Night Probe, *Cussler*
8. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley* (7)
9. License Renewed, *Gardner* (10)
10. Luciano's Luck, *Higgins*

NONFICTION

1. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel* (1)
2. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons* (2)
3. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot* (3)
4. Living Alone and Liking It, *Shahan*
5. How to Make Love to a Man, *Penney* (4)
6. Theory Z, *Ouchi* (9)
7. The Hite Report on Male Sexuality, *Hite*
8. The Eagle's Gift, *Castaneda* (7)
9. Miss Piggy's Guide to Life, *Piggy with Beard* (5)
10. The Cinderella Complex, *Dowling* (6)

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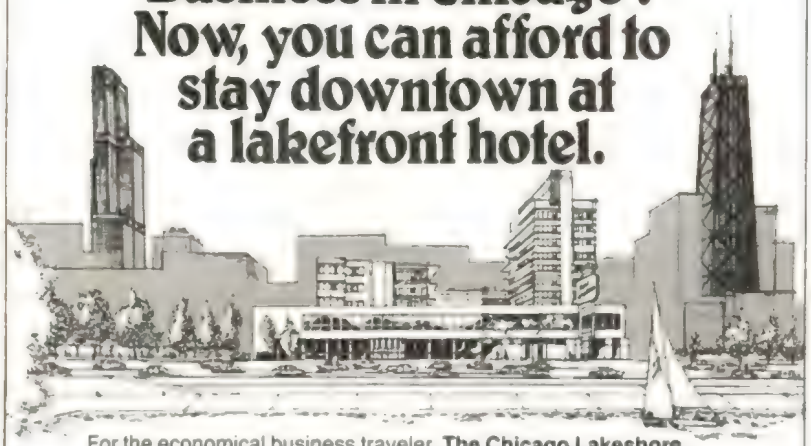

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Mirror, Mirror, on the Tube

TV jingles tell Americans they're lookin' good

Gustav Mahler may be as unfamiliar to one chunk of the population as Blue Oyster Cult is to another, but practically everybody knows what beer weekends-were-made-for and which hamburger hawkers will do-it-all-for-you. In an age of increasingly fractionated audiences for radio and records, and of a dozen or so subdivisions just within rock, jingles selling products may be America's only truly popular, all-embracing music.

They are also a short, sharp insight into the temper of the times, a compressed cultural iconography. It was plain that the sexual revolution had reached the suburbs when in 1968 Ford Motor Co. sold autos with a song urging: "It's the way to swing/ Go and have your fling." McDonald's spoke to the '60s-weary Silent Majority in 1971 with words that had little to do with fast food but that probably summed up why people supported the Viet Nam War: "Let's start buildin' our world/ Let's stop puttin' it down/ Let's start livin' our dream/ Make the whole world our town." Royal Crown Cola suggested that "me"-decade selfishness was really an aristocratic demand for perfection: "What's good enough for other folks/ Ain't good enough for/ Me and my RC." Datsun started capitalizing in 1977 on the American obsession with Japan's supposed workaholism and business acumen via "Datsun, We Are Driven." Ford appealed to the old can-do spirit with "We Make the Impossible Possible."

Every one of those verbal messages was dinned into the consumer's memory with music that, most jingle composers agree, should catch the ear the first time it is heard, yet sound as if it has been around forever. The tunes sometimes become so popular that they are sold as records. The public bought a million copies of *I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing* in 1971, while a slightly different version —Coca Cola's *I'd Like to Buy the World a Coke*—was saturating the air waves free. Some tunes are adapted from classics. Some, like Steve Karmen's *I Love New York*, are endlessly repeatable four-note phrases. Last year New York *Times* Music Writer Edward Rothstein confessed that he found it easier to remember musical childishness like American Airlines' "... doing what we do best" than any Brahms piano quartet.

At least one political consultant credits a jingle with influencing a presidential race. David Sawyer of New York, whose clients have included Edward Kennedy and Israeli Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres, says Gerald Ford surged back almost to victory in 1976 partly because he captured the country's mood with "I'm feelin' good about America/ I'm feelin' good about me."

The Ford song reflected the self-absorption of the '70s. Ginny Redington wrote the quintessential "me"-decade song in 1975 for McDonald's hamburgers: "You, you're the one ..." Today, says Redington, "it's the exact antithesis. Nationalism is a success formula. Everything is America. 'Clean your face, America.' 'Brush your teeth, America.' "

David Lucas, who touched personal emotions and set long-distance lines humming in *Reach Out and Touch Someone* for A T & T, has also turned to boosterism in, of all things, a Pepsi jingle. The song speaks of "the light of a brand new day ... a feelin' deep inside you, a spirit you just can't hide." Lucas says he evoked an America "that was almost lost but came back again."

John Hill, best known for his "Maxwell House is ..." coffee song, sees sociology in tunes as well as lyrics. He links a "clear trend toward simpler, more spare" arrangements with a new ethic of "simplicity" as people cope with "scarcity" and declining standards of living. He contends that the boom in country-music versions of jingles is "tied up with conservatism" and with "a desire for retreat from the pace of urban life."

Not every jingle has political overtones. Some sustain the running debate over health and beauty *vs.* the joys of self-indulgence. Mothers used to be told by Pillsbury that "nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven." Now David Lucas' Pepsi Light song chirps, "You're lookin' light all over/ You're lookin' good to me." The message, says he, is that people who are in shape, and are sexually attractive, drink diet soda. By contrast, Adman Jerry Della Femina once observed, the shrewdest of all beer slogans was Jim Jordan's "Shaefer is the one beer to have when you're having more than one." The hard-core beer buyer, said Della Femina, is definitely having more than one and is glad to be told it's O.K.

Many jingle writers downplay their social influence. Paul David Wilson of Chicago says, "To be successful, you have to be a chameleon. You're paid to do a job, not to be a conscience." Karmen, the jingler most admired among his peers, has composed for companies ranging from General Tire ("sooner or later you'll own ...") to Beneficial ("you're good for more"). But he won't handle politicians, and has turned down Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and George Bush. "That's irresponsible. You wind up with President Toothpaste and Senator Cola."

Whatever self-imposed rules they follow, however, jingle writers not only record their era but explain it, especially to children. Toddlers barely able to walk can recite commercial songs word-perfect—as Garry Trudeau's Doonesbury cartoon strip ruefully recorded in the story of a Vietnamese refugee child whose first words were a tongue-twisting burger jingle ("Two all-beef patties ..."). The jingle has been crowding out the sentimental poem and the popular song. Next may be the nursery rhyme. "Twinkle, twinkle, buy a car"?

—By William A. Henry III. Reported by Demetria Martinez/New York, with other U.S. bureaus

DRAWING BY FRASCINO; © 1972 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"And didn't you love 'Rinso White, Rinso Bright, Happy Little Washday Song'? They don't write them like that anymore."

Essay

The Triumph of Pap Culture

Summertime is the season for sanctioned cultural slumming, or so holds a seldom examined article of American folklore. The basic notion is hinted at by language that appears all the time in cultural journalism—"summer entertainment," "summer movies," "summer reading." Such phrases suggest that it is all right for respectable Americans to indulge their appetites for cultural cotton candies when it is too hot to digest quality stuff. Anybody caught at the beach reading something other than Proust or Nabokov is thus assured of amnesty.

The folklore is sound as far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough. Cultural slumming is certainly big in the summer, but nowadays it hardly lets up in the fall, winter and spring either. The American craving for cultural junk has become a yen for all seasons. Book buyers did not wait until summer to turn *Miss Piggy's Guide to Life* and *101 Uses for a Dead Cat* (ugh!) into bestsellers, and disc jockeys will not stop broadcasting "easy listening" schmaltz when autumn arrives. The rush for fatuous books on diets and moneymaking never lets up, and of the endless boom in frothy tales like Harlequin Books and Silhouette Romances, Book Marketing Executive Kay Sexton of Chicago says: "People are absolutely addicted."

In fact, pop (for popular) culture has become—to borrow the word that means childish, meatless mush—mostly pap culture, a.k.a. trash, kitsch and schlock. In the ten alltime top moneymaking movies, most of fairly recent vintage, the pap quotient is stunning; the list includes: *Star Wars, Jaws, The Empire Strikes Back, Grease, The Exorcist, The Godfather, Superman* and *The Sting*. The same is true of the very hottest novels (among them: *The Godfather, The Exorcist, Jaws, Jonathan Livingston Seagull* and *Love Story*) and of the top nonfiction books of the past ten years (*The Late Great Planet Earth, Chariots of the Gods, Your Erroneous Zones, The Joy of Sex*). And almost everybody knows the pap quotient of television: *Hee Haw* is still going strong.

Though the prevalence of lightweight cultural matter may not be surprising, its universal acceptance is nonetheless striking. Two decades ago, the priests of high culture railed at the possible harm to mind, spirit and aesthetics that might result from the proliferation of junky cultural works—"Masscult," to use the sinister word that Critic Dwight Macdonald put on the lot of it. Said Macdonald: "It is not just unsuccessful art. It is nonart. It is even anti-art." Now cultural pap is bigger than ever, but the champions of high culture seldom bother to protest any more. Pap has triumphed as an American staple, and now so abounds that it tends to be noticed, like the air, only when it contains some particularly noxious pollutants.

Pop pap, to be sure, draws occasional fire. A new film version of *Tarzan, the Ape Man* opened last week to great volleys of critical derision and scorn. And rightly so, since this version of *Tarzan*—directed by John Derek and starring his wife Bo Derek as Jane—spoils a perfectly good pap yarn by trying to transform it from a juvenile adventure story into a piece of erotica. In contrast, the hottest new "summer" movie, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, has won loud applause from most critics and all audiences because it does precisely what pap is supposed to do. *Raiders*, a compilation of cliff-hanging adventures of the sort formerly featured in weekly movie serials, is designed to appeal to the child—even the child in the adult spectator.

By definition, cultural pap plays to the child in everybody. It can offer only entertainment, diversion, maybe distraction, without any promise of redeeming cultural value. When a work offers more—exaltation or the possibility of elaborate aesthetic responses—it has ceased to be pap; it verges on becoming art. Unlike art, pap is easy to absorb, which is precisely why it is perennially popular—and not only in low places. Dwight Eisenhower relished his Zane Grey westerns just as Ronald Reagan relishes such epics by Poet Robert Service as *The Shooting of Dan McGrew* and *The Cremation of Sam McGee*. John Kennedy enjoyed Ian Fleming's James Bond yarns, and Lyndon Johnson found it nice to have Muzak piped into the White House. And why not? Pap, though bipartisan, is inherently democratic.

Yet pap has its standards, and they are often as elusive and controversial as those of high culture. "Someone's kitsch is somebody else's masterpiece," says Film Critic Vincent Canby. Author Judith Krantz alluded to the book *Alien*, when it had the nerve to knock her own kitschy *Scruples* out of top spot on the bestseller list, as "a 270-page piece of schlock." Every piece of pap has its own critics and partisans, as every consumer of the product realizes sooner or later. Humorist Russell Baker is not being merely funny when he writes: "I am a glutton for trash. I love it in almost all forms except television. I can race through two or three smutty novels and a half-dozen gossip magazines and hear the Top 40 playing on the stereo in the background while the television viewer is wasting three hours and getting nothing but the tepid, watered-down stuff afforded by three or four sitcoms and an evening soap opera."

Clearly, the U.S. has evolved a special pap-culture aesthetic. Sometimes it is as intricate as the aesthetic theory that Litterateur D.B. Wyndham Lewis applied to poetry. "There is bad Bad Verse and good Bad Verse," said Lewis, and a great many Americans now say pretty much the same thing about pap. In fact, the devotees of good bad pap, particularly in the film form, add up to a subculture within the pop-pap culture. This fact has even given rise recently to commercial festivals of bad movies featuring films like *The Terror of Tiny Town*, a 1938 western with a cast of midgets. Books like *The Golden Turkey Awards* (1980) and *The Fifty Worst Films of All Time* sell tens of thousands of copies. The *Dial* magazine earlier this year offered an article titled "Five Great Bad Movies." Author John Malone discussed *Duel in the Sun, Elephant Walk, The Naked Jungle, The Rains of Ranchipur* and *Legend of the Lost*, and ventured guidance on how to tell a good bad movie from a bad bad movie. Says Malone: "A great bad movie must be in color."

Actually, despite all the intricate aesthetic distinction, good bad pap appeals to some whimsical people for the same reason that simple good pap appeals to others: entirely as a source of fun. Many observers fear that the explosion of pap in the media-ridden 20th century might harm society's more serious culture. So far, as Sociologist Herbert Gans points out in *Popular Culture and High Culture*, there has been no evidence to support such worries. Ultimately, pap is an annoyance and a hazard only to those who take it seriously—which, perhaps significantly, seldom includes those who enjoy it.

—By Frank Trippett

Illustration for TIME by Kimble P. Mead

Growing up in Arabia

That's right, Arabia.

Your mental picture of Saudi Arabia probably doesn't include a scene like the one above. Nevertheless, Saudi Arabia is where young Stacey Callom takes riding lessons and goes to school and lives her typical-American-girl life. Her father works for us there.

We're Aramco, the Arabian American Oil Company. There are 13,000 North Americans in Saudi Arabia with us. And even though you hear a lot of news about Saudi Arabia, there are things that might surprise you about our lives there.

1. We're doing something important. Aramco produces more oil than any other company. Badly needed oil. Including about 15 percent of the oil the U.S. imports.
2. Aramco is working on some *incredibly* large energy projects. And on huge communications networks, electric utilities, and more.
3. Our people are glad to be in Saudi Arabia with Aramco. They came for excellent pay and professional challenges that are hard to find elsewhere.
4. Aramco is growing. We need more good people, and few companies can match the hundreds of interesting, rewarding jobs we can offer.
5. The horse is a blue-ribbon winner called *"Roc"*, after the legendary bird in *Sinbad the Sailor.*

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35 EPA EST. HWY. MPG 25 EPA EST. MPG

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